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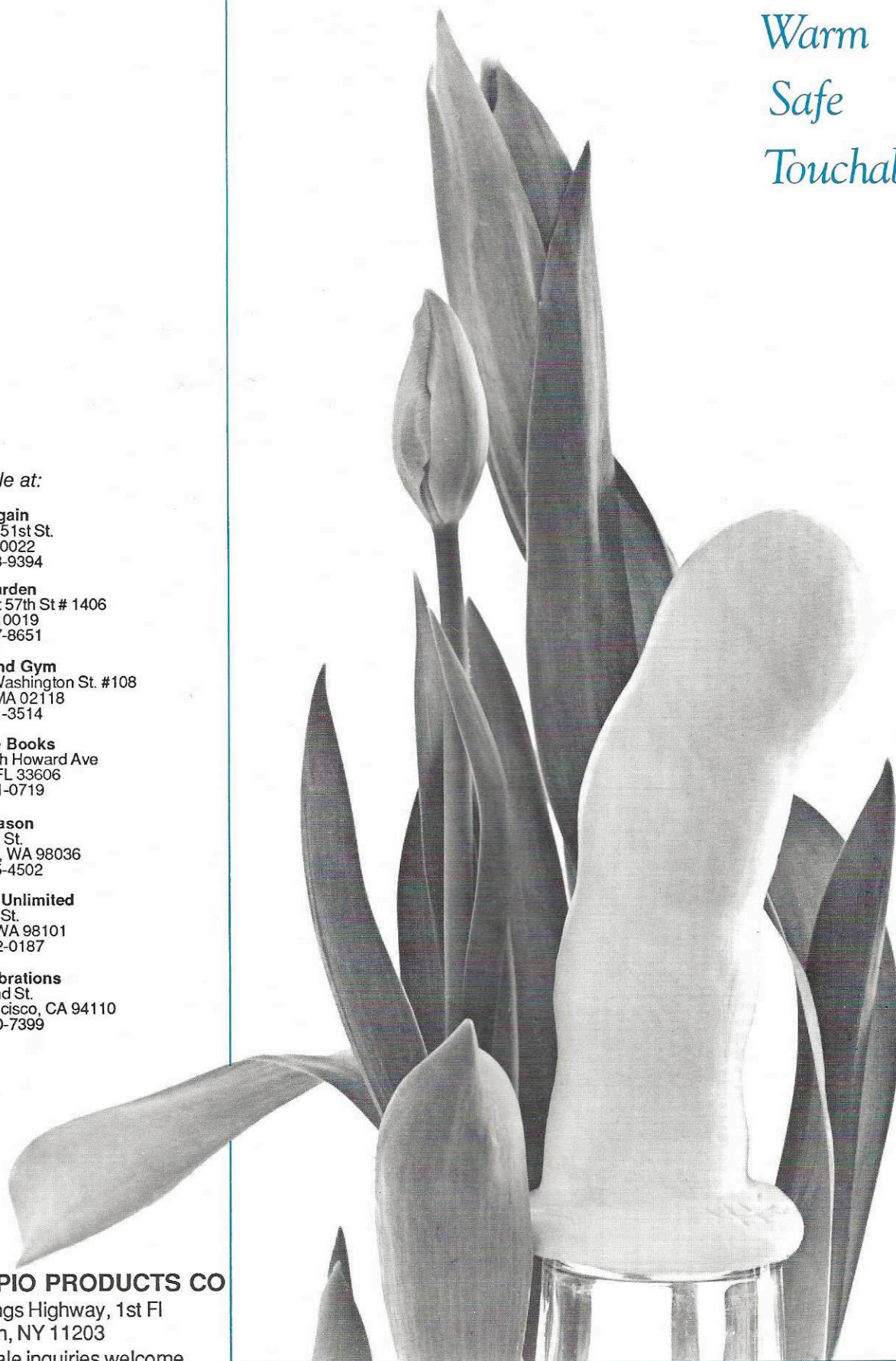
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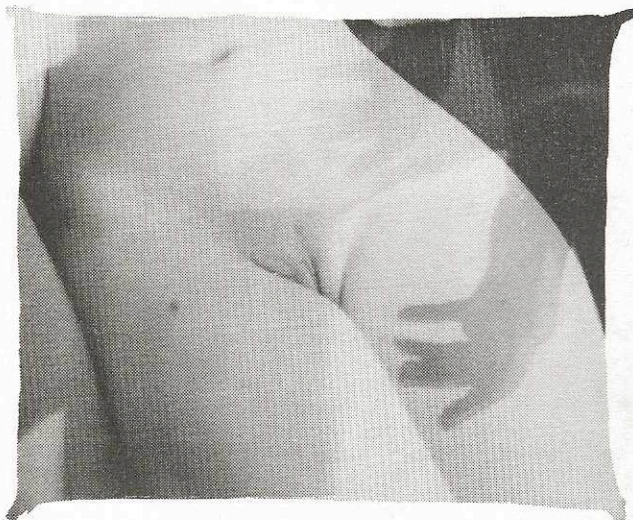


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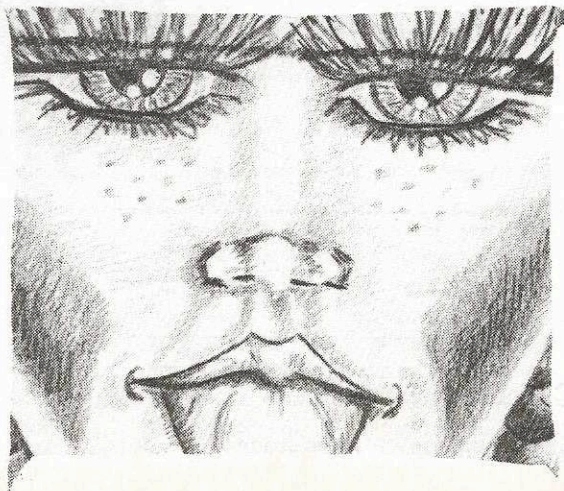


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Katie Niles

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Yes, back issues are still available for \$5 a copy (includes first class postage). When ordering, indicate issue: Summer & Fall, 1984; Winter & Fall, 1985; Winter 1986. Spring & Summer, 1985 Sold Out

I read the Winter 86 issue from cover to cover. I liked the "Sunday Stranger" story and the picture of the Toronto couple on page 34. I would love to be that bottom, with the expression on her face. Is there any way I can get a full length color print of that picture?

B. G.
Valparaiso, IN

Dear B. G., Send us a stamped envelope along with your own letter to the artist whose work you admire, and we'd be happy to forward your request.

Our local bookstore, Alaska Women's Bookstore, has refused to carry your *On Our Backs*, stating that it is pornographic. They do, however, carry the books *Lesbian Sex*, *Coming to Power*, and the *Joy of Lesbian Sex*. They also carry books on abortion, euthanasia, abuse, incest, and heterosexual pornography. Need I say more....

Name Withheld by Request
Anchorage, AK

I am submitting a personal ad to your classifieds column in response to the series of timid, asexual, barely sexual, and sexual-only-after-the-most-sincere-lifetime-commitments-etc type of personals that I have seen from my area of the country. I don't want folks to get the idea that sheer lust is lost in Central Indiana! While some view the small number of women bold enough to advertise their desires by their looks as pariahs, there is a growing appreciation for sexual freedom—or maybe it's just familiarity! At any rate, you're a periodic breath of fresh air for us all.

M. C.
IN

I love how your magazine lights up these weary winter days! I am a mother, artist, and student nurse just waiting in the wings to get a story in your magazine. Please send me guidelines. Your latest issue has given me the urge to kiss the wings good-bye, at least the ones that keep me from waiting any longer! Enclosed in a SASE. Look forward to hearing from you soon.

Marcia
Fairfax, CA

I didn't think anything of my lover reading your Fall 1985 issue before I did, until my turn came along. I was cuddled up in bed one

rainy day, holding OOB in one hand and tickling my clit with the other (my favorite way to read your mag, among other things). I was engrossed in "Marie Christine," and the character, Annie. I had just gotten to the good part "...With one swift motion she unzipped the front of Annie's coverall..." when I was faced with a gaping hole in the page. The story picked up again with "...Was I too forward for you? I'm not usually like this..."

Please, please, don't every again print your Want Ad form on the back of a good short story!

Mary
Garberville, CA

I recently saw your magazine for the first time and I cannot tell you how impressed I was. Not only were the photos GREAT, but the journalism was explicit. I would be proud to be a subscriber to this magazine.

Jean
Hollywood, FL

I want to thank you for existing. I had my first S/M experience as a result of answering an ad in OOB.

Susan
Maryland

I was flat on my belly with my lover's fist up my cunt after reading your fantasy on fistfucking. I just want to say I've been fisting for 18 years and continue to enjoy Class A and pap smears. I used to wonder if I was "fucking myself up" but apparently not, I can still walk. I guess I've found this sexual activity entertaining enough that I've never gotten into teddies and fishnets, leather or lace. I just like it naked, or maybe with my shirt open and my pants down. Clean white underwear are kinda nice. Am I lame to wonder about why I see so many photos of garter belts in your mag? I tend to see that look as part of the traditional male porno domination style...the hooker look. Why are dykes wearing those fucking stockings? I thought we were trying to get away from that. I don't really have a style as such. Clean laundry. That's my thing. But maybe you can find some more mod, new wave, and last but not least, good old normal middle class looking styles for the models to wear.

May I say that I like Barbie Painter's photo on page 11 because of the smile.

Letters

I love Susie Sexpert, Jill Bender, and the Personals. They are a riot to read out loud. Keep up the disgusting work, I am yours up to my elbow.

A. Banana
Redway, CA

I purchased your back issues at the Michigan Women's Festival after reading about you in *The Power Exchange* and the *Advocate*. I am fond of Cottrell's photo essay on Rachael and Elexis, the video reviews, Bulldagger, Sexpoint, Lanza's cartoons, Sean Reynold's "Laura", and the notes written about your contributors. The story "Telephone" by the Lady of the Lake—now that was hot. More butches would be OK with me.

Jan
OH

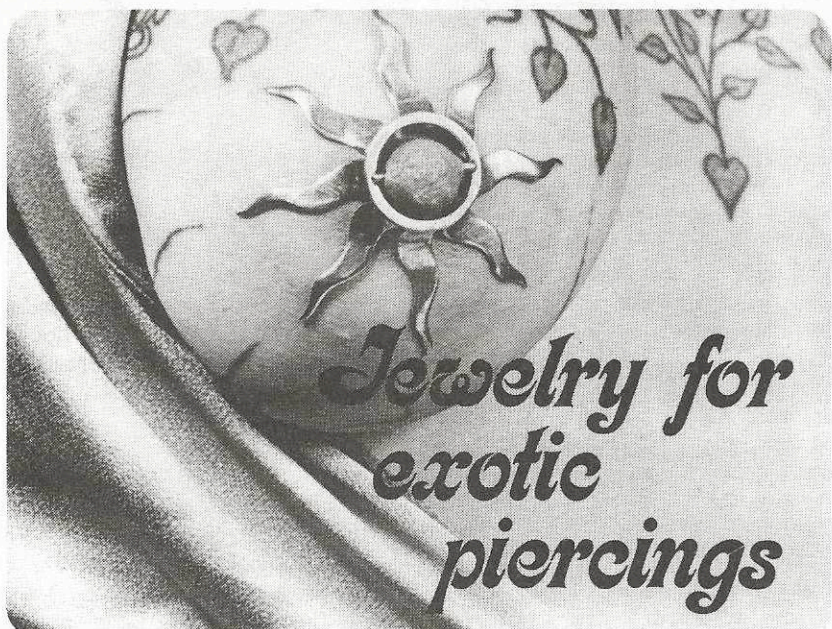
As a subscriber who has every issue of OOB, I want to congratulate you and your staff for making each issue better than the last. Your photo layout, Piercing Looks (OOB-Winter, 1986) is the type of work that commands and holds one's attention. I cannot think of a more sensual display of jewelry...but what about the pain?

N. Oates
Atlanta, GA

Your winter issue certainly started off 1986 with a bang, so to speak. I loved it, so much so that I'm subscribing. "The Naughty Gourmet" was the wittiest thing I've seen in ages. Let's hear it for humor in uniform!

Eve
Brooklyn, NY

I must say that it's about time a magazine like yours became available to the women of this world like me that want something more than "lavender and lace" fiction. Neither my lover nor I are mewling, submissive kittens and we love to hear about other strong women who know exactly what they want from other women. What a treat! Especially since we live in a very small town in Wisconsin where social



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functions with other women are non-existent. The closest city to us is Milwaukee—not exactly a lesbian Mecca. Keep up the excellent work, especially the photos.

Mary
WI

I was just introduced to your publication and I am absolutely thrilled! My lover and I have always complained about the lack of tasteful and convincing lesbian erotica. Needless to say, your magazine has filled a void (so to speak) for us. Thank you so much for celebrating the sexual woman in all of us.

Andrea
San Diego, CA

On Our Backs is just what Sydney, Australia has been waiting for; or at least I have. I congratulate and encourage you to keep this magazine coming to Australia. It is great to know that outrageous sex occurs not only in my bedroom but across the continent too. I am not a freak or sexually depraved, after all. Having had feminist leanings for years I did feel a certain amount of guilt at the way I approached sex. No wonder there are so many miserable political dykes. I have purchased several copies for my friends and the feeling is mutual. Looking forward to the next issue, am yours, very wet,

Sara
Sydney, Australia

I was very pleased to see Nisa Donnelly's piece on Lesbians and AIDS in the Winter issue. She's absolutely right—there is NOTHING available about safe sex guidelines and other transmissibility information for lesbians concerned about AIDS. I showed her chart to our hot line people already because so many lesbians have called concerned about IV drug use, lovers who may be in high-risk groups, etc. Hopefully, more informative word will now go out to the community. Indeed, we are part of the story...

Marea Murray
Member, Hospice Support Services Team
AIDS Action Committee
Boston, MA

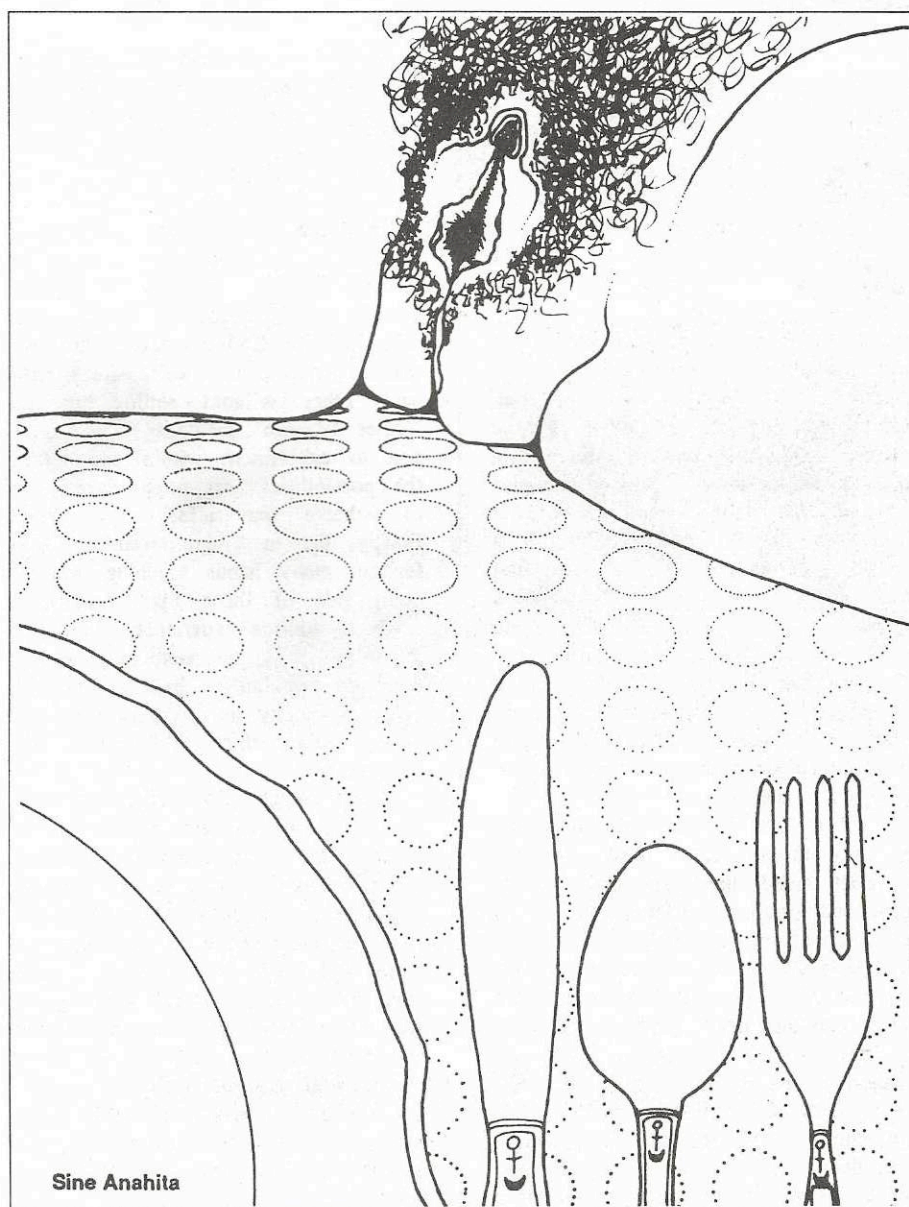
I thoroughly enjoyed your Fall issue of OOB. My heart skipped a beat when I came to the pages showing photos taken by Shari Cohen, titled, *Live to Ride*. I don't know which model

was laying across the motorcycle, Kathleen or Sarah, but to say I was stunned by that gorgeous doll is putting it mildly. It is not too difficult to imagine myself being overpowered and used, by that absolutely breathtaking woman on the bike. I was particularly turned on by the photo which shows her laying in the dirt while her lover holds on to the handles of the bike. I can sort of fantasize myself being tied or handcuffed to the bike while she takes advantage of me. The contrast of her hairy vagina being fully exposed to daylight while her feet are set in very butch riding boots and heavy socks is enough to make me quiver with excitement.

Ruth
Whittier, CA

"Story of a Penis" was hilarious—a true lesbian story. I was a little sad that the heroine, Ann, didn't get to enjoy her dick with a woman before she went back to the operating table. The one time she gets it on and enjoys it is with her bi-fag friend in the park. I thought that was hot, and very telling how her fantasies changed to lesbian once she gained her new body part. How come none of Ann's friends ever considered dildoes? I would have liked to see the comparison between their toys and Ann's penis. I guess what I want is a sequel...has Schulman got another surgery in the wings?

Maggie B.
Vancouver, BC



Toys for Us

GET INTO THE GROUP

Joanne Horn

Susie Bright

Susie Sexpert Reports: I promised you a full treatment on the subject of group sex in this issue, but some friends have demanded *why*. Their advice: If you're trying to start a new fad, you could have picked something a little simpler.

But I have a funny feeling that most of us are actually veterans of group sex experiences, although you may have never considered them as such. *Spin the Bottle* is group sex. *Playing Doctor* was definitely a group experience, and so is parking at the drive-in or *Lovers Lane* with more than one couple per car. Coming Out is also a time that many women have their first uncoupled adventure. There is a whole generation of dykes who first made love with a woman as part of a *menage a trois* with a man, or in answer to a swingers' advertisement. Finally, there is that hazy situation when you were going to put up Cousin Kitty on the sofa bed, but you were all so comfortable in the bedroom that one thing led to another...

A formal orgy, on the other hand, is something that most lesbians consider outside their experience. If we have had group sex, it was usually an unconscious sort of affair that was not discussed afterwards, and certainly never planned for. There is this sense that a real bonafide orgy requires either a Malibu setting complete with a waterbed and pachouli oil, (the 60's orgy), or perhaps the modern S/M-influenced version where leather confident women hang nonchalantly from faggot-crafted slings or pose elbow deep in vats of oil.

I had the Southern California group encounter many times as a teenager, including one where the waterbed ruptured. I always liked the idea of being able to sexually connect with other people without them expecting a proposal the next morning. Group sex is a playful dynamic where you can be loving without "Falling in Love", considerate without having to "Consider the Consequences". It allows married couples to take a break from each other without setting up the "Other Woman" mentality. It allows you to experiment within one setting the possibilities that might take years to achieve one affair at a time. Finally, the most quintessential orgy feature: many hands touching you, or being one of those many hands, is really a sublime experience. Repeated exposure to group sex may rapidly convince you that it feels as "natural" and organically sensual as any two person relationship. To hell with Noah's Ark!

Let's switch into Emily Post mode for a minute to talk about how to prepare the environmental ingredients for a successful group scene. Number One Hostess Tip is to invite at LEAST twice as many people as you hope will come, and RSVP is *de rigueur*. Aside from the usual sad stories about guests who drive into a ditch and don't make it, you will also find that a lot of women will cop out at the last moment and spend the evening hiding in a bar, after bragging to you about how they couldn't wait to attend. Overbook and don't be sorry.

The same staples you'd expect for

any good party count twice as much at a sex party. Not only does the food need to be good, it needs to be touchable and provocative. Finger food, grapes that could be romantically peeled and slipped inside warm places, whipped cream, of course, and food that doesn't need to be hot so that you can nibble all evening. Plan for lots of beverages because this crowd is going to be thirsty. Champagne of course is delightful, but emphasize non-alcoholic juices and sodas. Let me tell you, the most infuriating thing that can happen at a sex party is some jerk who gets drunk and gushes out all their sexual insecurities. She will drive your guests into separate closed rooms, thereby defeating the purpose for your party. Don't try to second guess how people will handle the liquor—just don't give them the opportunity.

Music is important, as are any other sexy pastimes you can come up with to warm up the guests. Dancing makes people hot, and the advent of adult videos make X-rated home entertainment a snap. There are also some silly games you can initiate, which, gimmicky as they are, will often get the ball rolling with a shy crowd. "*Spin the Bottle*" can be adapted to more sophisticated rules, and then there's playing *Twister* in the nude, which was all the rage for a while. In general, it's not so important to get naked as it is to start the action.

There should be ready-to-romp play spaces in all the public areas. Soft furniture or improvised beds on the floor. Now's the time to use those satin sheets that won't stay on your bed but make for great orgy floor coverings. You should have some bottles of lubricant in strategic places, and by all means have the vibrators plugged in and the toys easy to reach.

You should be ashamed of yourself if you do not have vibrators and dildos available for your guests to entertain themselves with. Even shy people are attracted to gadgets and gizmos. Toys are also essential when hands have grown weary but there's still more to cum. Don't forget the rubbers and plastic gloves. Rubbers make sharing dildoes easier by just putting a clean one on after every use; and gloves are for the adventurous finger fuckers (as well as fist fuckers) who want to play it safe by not letting cuts and cum come into contact with each other.

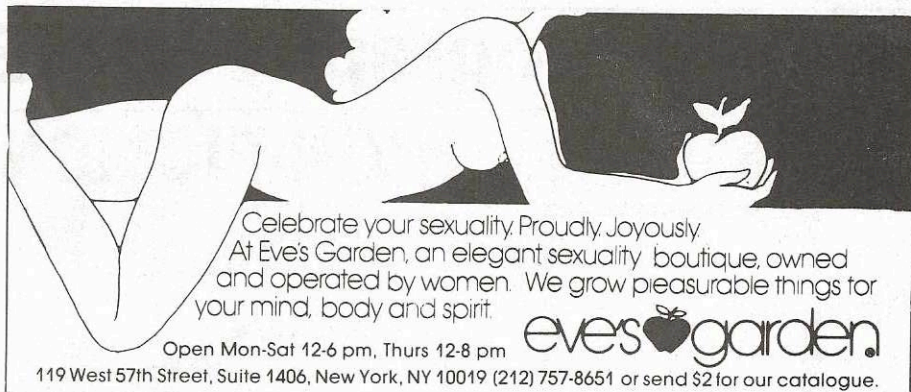
What can you do at an orgy? There is this stereotype of complicated sexual positions involving many limbs and being probed in every orifice all at

once. Actually, a well-rounded group adventure would include watching, masturbating, facilitating someone else's pleasure, doing it to some one else, getting some yourself, or getting it all for yourself. Being a helper or a supporting actor in someone else's sex trip is a lot of fun and isn't always obvious to newcomers. One lover of mine remembers the time she asked her friend Rita if she could lie underneath her while Rita got whipped. Toby got to vicariously experience S/M which she otherwise avoids any direct contact with (as Rita put it, "she got the best part"). Rita enjoyed the contact with a friend that she would not ordinarily get it on with. Sometimes our circle of friends is so incestuous it seems strange to get it on. I have held my best friend's head in my lap while she got fucked by four others, but I would feel uncomfortable doing it to her myself. On the other hand, I have fucked my best friend's lover, who I had a lot of affection and passion for, but whom I never would have made it with if we hadn't had a party.

My problems with group sex are no doubt familiar to most women who've tried it: 1), shyness about how to begin, 2), after asserting yourself to get what you want, how to abandon enough inhibitions so that you can enjoy, get down, and orgasm; and 3), for those married couples in the audience, there is the green-eyed monster that must be dealt with. There is also the question of the voyeur, who plays a very important role at parties, but often isn't given that recognition.

What if you have the paranoia of being the "orgy virgin" who somehow ends up being gangbanged by 40 leather women with cocks as big as fists just because you said "yes" when someone passed you the Crisco? Did I hear you say, "Our biggest fear is our most secret fantasy"? Yes, dear, but sometimes one must work up to these sort of things. I would suggest to the novice to try one piece at a time, rather than proving god-knows-what by attempting to entertain the whole pie. Decide one little thing that appeals to you, like watching Deirdre get her ass licked, or vibrating yourself to a porn film while Lisa sucks your toes...

Ask people if you can join in. If someone invites you to sit on their face, and the act, or the person doesn't attract you, consider whether you could partner with them in some other scheme that you would enjoy. Smile, shake your head, and offer something:
(continued on page 40)



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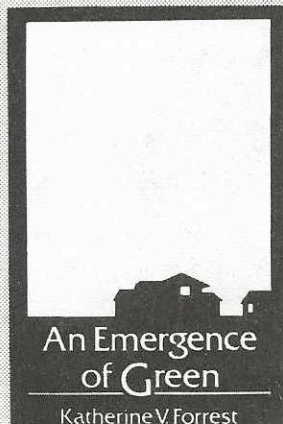
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AN EMERGENCE OF GREEN, by Katherine V. Forrest (Naiad), 1986, 269 pp., \$8.95 pb. "From the moment she meets Val Hunter, Carolyn Blake's married life begins to unravel until she is torn apart by erotic depths she can neither resist nor control." — the publisher. This is Katherine Forrest's most powerful novel; she is the author of *Curious Wine* (\$7.50 pb.), *Amateur City* (\$7.95 pb.), and *Daughters of a Coral Dawn* (\$7.95 pb.).

THE CLAIMING OF SLEEPING BEAUTY: An Erotic Novel of Tenderness and Cruelty for the Enjoyment of Men and Women, by A.N. Roquelaure (Dutton), 1983, 253 pp., \$6.95 pb.
BEAUTY'S PUNISHMENT: The Further Erotic Adventures of Sleeping Beauty, by A.N. Roquelaure (Dutton), 1984, 233 pp., \$7.95 pb.
BEAUTY'S RELEASE: The Continued Erotic Adventures of Sleeping Beauty, by A.N. Roquelaure (Dutton), 1985, 238 pp., \$8.95 pb.

Picaresque in the classic sense and elegantly erotic in the extreme, these three volumes encompass a tremendous range of sensual possibilities — male/female, female/female, male/male. Haunting, provocative, articulate, baroque and skillfully executed, they've been dubbed politically correct S/M for the '80s by *The Advocate*.

A.N. Roquelaure is the pseudonym of Anne Rice, author of *Interview With The Vampire* (\$3.95 pb.) and the new novel *The Vampire Lestat* (\$17.95 cl.).

THE LESBIAN BODY, by Monique Wittig (Beacon), 1986 (1973), 165 pp., \$7.95-pb. A daring novel and a rhapsodic hymn to women's bodies and women's relationships. Wittig dismantles patriarchal language to create a uniquely female treatise that celebrates the erotic female body.

PLEASURES: Women Write Erotica, by Lonnie Barbach, Ph.D. (H & R), 1985, 304 pp., \$6.95 pb. A refreshing breakthrough — an anthology of true stories written by and expressly for women. The stories reveal the importance of trust, love, and friendship inherent to lesbian and non-lesbian women alike.

DREAMS OF VENGEANCE: Volume 2 of the Throne Trilogy, by Artemis Oakgrove (Lace), 1985, 197 pp., \$7.95 pb. The continued story of Ryan and Leslie and a whole cast of other women, past and present, dealing with the wide spectrum of power. "If you like satire and stereotypes, comedy and tragedy, tender sex, violent sex... then this is the book for you." — Merrill Mushroom. Vol. 1 is *The Raging Peace* (\$7.95 pb.).

COMING TO POWER: Writings and Graphics on Lesbian S/M, ed. by members of SAMOIS (Alyson), 1982, second ed., revised and expanded, 180 pp., \$7.95 pb. Defining S/M as "a form of eroticism based on a consensual exchange of power," this book challenges us to re-examine our politics of sex and power. Included here is fiction, fantasy, personal testimony, theory and erotica.

NON-FICTION



LESBIAN SEX, by JoAnn Loulan (Spinsters Ink), 1984, 250 pp., illustr., \$9.95 pb. The most far-reaching book on lesbian sexuality to date. Includes practical exercises and theory by a therapist who has led lesbian sexuality workshops for seven years. An affirming book that explores a multitude of topics: long-term relationships, being single, older and younger lesbians, and women with disabilities.

EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN, by Compton Mackenzie (Hogarth), due 3/86, 400 pp., \$6.95 pb. A satire based loosely on Radclyffe Hall and Romaine Brooks; set on Capri where many lesbians of the 1920s and 1930s vacationed. A long-awaited reissue of this hilarious tale.
THE SWASHBUCKLER, by Lee Lynch (Naiad), 1985, 279 pp., \$7.95 pb. A lesbian novel that illuminates many important issues: butch/femme roles, inter-racial couples, lesbians raising children, and class issues. Set in the mean old days of the 1960s.

A WOMAN'S TOUCH: An Anthology of Lesbian Eroticism and Sensuality for Women Only, ed. by Cedar and Nelly (Womanshare), 1981 (1979), 158 pp., \$6.50 pb. A timeless collection of diverse stories ranging from sexually explicit to metaphorically sensual,

representing the many varieties of lesbians' fantasies and experiences.

PLEASURE AND DANGER: Exploring Female Sexuality, ed. by Carol Vance (RKP), 1984, 350 pp., \$11.95 pb. A collection of papers from the Barnard College Conference on the Scholar and the Feminist (1982) that created considerable controversy. Includes a broad range of ideas and works from such women as Kate Millet, Mary Calderone, and Gayle Rubin.

PORNOGRAPHY: A Feminist Survey, by Margaret Smith and Barbara Waisberg (Boudicca), 1985, 32 pp., \$4.50 stapled. A bibliography with complete descriptions of over fifty recent Canadian, American, and British books and articles thematically arranged with an author and title index.

PORNOGRAPHY AND CENSORSHIP, ed. by David Copp and Susan Wendell (Prometheus), 1985, 414 pp., \$14.95 pb. A collection of writings from a variety of perspectives: philosophical, social, scientific, and legal.

THE PORNOGRAPHY WORKSHOP FOR WOMEN, by Margaret Smith and Barbara Waisberg (Birch Assoc.), 1985, 105 pp., \$11.98 pb. A 100-page manual that guides women through an exploration of the issue of pornography. The workshop emphasizes women's perceptions, values, and strengths.

SAPPHISTRY: The Book of Lesbian Sexuality, by Pat Califia, illustr. by Tee Corinne (Naiad), 1983 (1980), 180 pp., \$7.95 pb. *Sapphistry* encourages and gives instruction on the broad range of sexual behavior, endorsing the diversity of lesbian sex and teaching that sexuality can be a source of endless pleasure, nourishment, and strength.

WOMEN AGAINST CENSORSHIP, ed. by Varda Burstyn (Douglas & McIntyre), 1985, 210 pp., \$8.95 pb. A powerful mix of analysis and insight is added to the raging debate within the women's movement and the war against pornography. Contributors include Lisa Duggan, Nan Hunter, Ann Snitow, Carol Vance, and others.

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A Moment With

Ewa

VICTORIA EL-JAI

Fantasies



Sarita Johnson

It was so humid, I finally gave up my clothes and walked around the house nude, enjoying the breeze against my body. A faint drizzle started outside, so I decided to go out and lie on the grass. It felt wonderful. Too bad Ewa was not here to enjoy this with me. Instead, she's cooped up in the study preparing her lecture papers, which left us little time together. At least for her. Me, I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted to start a story or finish one. I laughed to myself. Forgetting the whole business, I rolled in the grass letting the dew dance off my body.

"Looks like fun to me."

I turned toward the voice. It was Ewa. Her dildo, Dilda, hanging gracefully from her cunt. Her body

gleamed from the raindrops. I welcomed her into my arms. She nuzzled my neck and lay on her back. Taking it from there, I rubbed Dilda against my thighs, cunt and the tip of my clit. Feeling my juice spill on the head, I straddled Dilda and started to rock. Ewa cooed and moaned as I swayed back and forth. A purple and red violet macaw, the color of my excited pussy, flew above on a vine covered branch. His head tilted from side to side as if to understand the moans that flowed from our mouths.

Ewa slowed my thrusting and smiled. She instructed me to get on all fours, which I did without hesitation. She slapped my behind and I only had to wiggle my ass for her to start. Ewa

steadied the motion of Dilda and moved slowly in and out of my cunt. She drew Dilda out to let the head kiss the lips of my cunt, and nudged my clit with its firm softness. She pushed in again quickly, as a moan fell from my mouth. She did it again and again. Ewa grabbed my sides to direct my out-of-control body. She let Dilda rest inside, moving only enough to make me impatient. Once more Ewa started thrusting, each thrust riding me with pleasure. Music spilled from my mouth.

"Ahhhh-mmm.ohhh, Ewa." She lay her body on my back, her breasts, belly, caressing up and down my back. My orgasm engaged my whole body. Oh Ewa, you ride so well. 

JoAnn Castillo

SEX

AND THE SINGLE MOM

I planned to have a child by the time I was 30. I was three years late, which isn't too bad. My daughter, Rachel, is now almost 3. When she was almost one I broke up with my lover of nearly 8 years.

So there I was, mid-thirties; single mother. Once I got over the blues of breaking up, I decided to begin my love life again. It seemed like ages since I had been single. I had never had a 'lesbian adolescence.' I never had the chance to sleaze around on the lesbian social scene, and I meant to take the time.

But I was a mother now, and that changed things. First of all, the logistics were more complicated. Once I found women to date, there was babysitting to find and pay for. Spontaneity was all but impossible. Secondly, how would my daughter react to such a dramatic change in my social life? There was a lot to consider. My lover and I hadn't lived together, so at least Rachel had some memory of a non-resident woman staying over and being in my bed in the morning.

At the very least, I expected her to be jealous. How was I to maintain a romantic and sexual life and not threaten her security? I wondered about how to protect her from the pain of loss when I inevitably broke up with someone. As my sexual activity grew, it began to raise issues of my daughter's sexual education and growth.

Sometime before I started dating I had a conversation with a friend about dating and the single mom. My friend's lover had a 13 year old, who had developed a strategy of prohibiting Mom's lovers from staying the night.

"The kid gets attached to the women her mother shares breakfast with," my friend recalled. "I was seeing her 6 months before she let me sleep in."

I considered that approach, but did not adopt it. I felt selfish. I didn't like the idea of sending a woman off at 4 a.m. after we were done screwing. I figured my daughter was still young and I had a while before I needed my

strategy all worked out. I decided to see what would happen, and how my daughter would cope with the situation.

Rachel liked the first woman I dated immediately. This lover had a daughter too, a 5 year old. Rachel was always happy whenever they visited. But she surely did get jealous. Hanging onto my knees while Dee and I embraced, she would whine, "Don't kiss, Mommy, don't hug." It was hard to fight the guilt. But I was determined to let her see the affections I shared with other women. They were good. I did not want to hide them from her. I believe that when adults hide things, the children think there is something wrong with whatever is being hidden. At the very least they will sense your discomfort. No, I was not going to be in the closet about my libido.

Dating a mother turned out to be lucky. That 5 year old was able to teach my daughter something about how to handle her mom's new romantic life. She developed a game that went like this. The two girls would order us to kiss and hug. We gladly obliged. While we were occupied, they would hide, and then wait for us to find them. We used to get a lot of giggles out of that game.

For almost 6 months Dee slept at my house and I slept over at hers and the kids slept together. They joined us in bed in the morning. Well, this began to be a problem. I like to make love in the mornings. Those kids were up by 6 or 7 a.m.. Either you change your schedule, or your child gets exposed to your sexual activity. Since my previous lover had been a night time woman, I did not feel like giving up my favorite morning snack. That's when I learned the value of early morning cartoons. The kids would watch for hours. Long enough anyway. Of course it wasn't fool proof. That's also when I had to try to teach Rachel how to knock before entering. Pretty regularly she began to witness her Mom in various states of undress, in various positions, in bed, under the

covers, making strange noises.

Once, we were so involved, (though under the sheets for a change) that when Rachel appeared at the edge of the bed we did not stop. She stood there, her little eyes just peering over the mattress, getting more and more upset as I got noisier and noisier. Finally we stopped screwing to pull the crying baby into the bed for comfort. The intensity of her jealousy, and her fear over my screaming and carrying on, had a big impact on me. I explained that I was feeling good, that I liked what was happening to me, and that I was not being hurt. Dee and I cuddled her until she calmed down, but we both felt badly about that episode. In fact, I was afraid to tell almost any lesbian mom friend about it. I sensed that I would be criticized for putting my own pleasure before my daughter's needs.

Well, after I broke up with that first wonderful woman I began dating with a vengeance. For a while I was seeing 3 different women, and sleeping with all of them. Then I settled down with another lover for almost eight months. Our sexual relationship was exciting and demanding. Rachel had plenty of opportunity to deal with jealousy. It was quite a fight. She really resisted this woman. It took her months to warm up to her. I think a lot of it had to do with her increased awareness of how she was being excluded.

Nowadays, I am single again, and trying to assess it all. To see if I can decide how I want this to work. How much exposure do I want my daughter to have to my lovers or sexual partners? Do I think I should tone down my action?

I see children as sexual and sensual beings. Babies are vulnerable bundles of feelings and sensations; hunger, fear, warmth, anger, satisfaction. I indulged my girl's sensual being from the beginning. I gave her baby massages. I nursed her whenever she was hungry. She slept in my bed until she was too mobile a sleeper to allow me any rest. She loved to fall asleep

lying right on top of me, with her head cradled between my breasts and her little feet on my tummy. For a long time, until she was weaned, she would come into bed to nurse at night and she would come into bed to cuddle in the mornings. This seems to be a familiar pattern among most single mothers I know, gay or straight. Their kids sleep with them, if not all night, at least for the last few hours in the morning.

Even before Rachel could talk we began with the body parts. I really thought about what I would name her genitals. Not "vagina". I didn't want to fall into the sexism inherent in naming her "penis-holding" part before naming her pleasure parts. So while teaching her about hands, eyes and knees she also learned clitoris, or as she used to say enthusiastically, "Titorous".

Now she's three and has learned other words, from precise medical terms to silly ones: yoni, your-cat-and-your-cuna, vulva, vagina, clitoris. My cousin and I decided that "vulva" was a pretty good word. Your vulva is where you pee from (she knows about her pee hole), and it is for feeling good (ah, the wonderful clitoris) and babies come out of your vagina. In terms of function, vulva seems to compare favorably with penis as a word. Rachel isn't impressed; she prefers the silly words. But the point is that I think it is important to name all the parts, to answer all her questions as best as I can. Once you can name something you can talk about it.

I have given Rachel lots of words but it was clear that I didn't need to teach her about feeling good. Kids know that themselves. When she was about 18 months old I began to be aware that she was getting sexual pleasure from some of her favorite games. When my legs were crossed she loved to sit on my foot and bounce as though on a see saw, or riding a horse. That was fine with me. But at times I wondered about how far this would go.

It was at about this time I started to date. Rachel's favorite position on top of me began to take on new meaning. I suspected that it was an expression of her jealousy, a way to reassert her relationship with me while trying to replace those women she saw me in bed with. I also think it was a way for her to test her own sources of pleasure and power. Now, she would climb into bed and imperiously demand that she get on top of Mom.

I remember one day, lying there

with her on top of me. Her hips were humping in a slow steady rhythm. There I was, a full grown woman, with a small child, my child, initiating sexual contact. And I wondered what to do. I almost felt powerless. It made me slightly uncomfortable. So, I gently rolled onto my side. She protested, but I explained that she was getting too tall and heavy and that I was not comfortable. Now she's three, and she seems to agree with me. If she does climb into bed in the morning she will cuddle up next to me. When she climbs on top she quickly rolls off. She is usually more interested in breakfast than cuddling. Handing me my glasses, she tells me it is Wake Up Time and will I please feed her and put *Sesame Street* on.

Is it unusual to have a 3 year old humping you? I think not. But I wish it was easier to openly discuss my daughter's sexual reactions with other mothers. Perhaps you can see the tension that occurs when sex and children are discussed.

How can I be sure that Rachel learns caution while I am trying to teach her trust and joy in her own body? Is exposure to sexually explicit material bad for her? Should I keep my sexual toys in a safer place? Right now they are in a drawer within reach of my bed—equally accessible to my daughter. And what do I explain to her when she does find my dildos, for example? She already has found my lubricant more than once, and mistaking it for hand lotion, begs for some.

I worry, like other moms, that someone will snatch my daughter. But I think that the media has played on these fears in the name of informing us. There has been a lot in the news about abducted children who have been subjected to disturbing physical and sexual abuse by their captors. Special TV movies deal with the issue of runaways. Child pornography rings are identified and their crimes detailed for our edification. Several celebrated cases have dealt with child care centers where the children were used to satisfy the sexual appetites of the staff. Don't get me wrong. I am frightened by all this. But I also get really angry about it. The real issues are sensationalized. As they focus on strangers as kidnappers and on childcare centers, they obscure the fact that most molesters are men that the children and their families know and trust. Often they are members of the family.

(continued on page 45)

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B

Gay Resort Flooded

California's beautiful gay resort town at the Russian River in Guerneville was flooded over Valentine's Day weekend.

Many of the gay resorts were severely damaged in this federally declared national disaster. However, all the resorts have repaired and have already reopened with even better facilities. So, make reservations now for that famous women's weekend on May Day.

Sex as Violence

Women Against Pornography (WAP) has included a few photos from lesbian sex magazines in their infamous slideshow. The slideshow, a collection of images from rock albums, sex magazines, and the anti-abortion horror show portfolio, is dragged out at every possible opportunity as proof of how women are being victimized and brutalized by the sexual media. WAP's violence-oriented interpretation of anything sexual has recently been focused on the Piercing photographs in the Winter issue of *On Our Backs*. Their verdict? "Masochistic genital mutilation"! If WAP has their way, having one's ears pierced may soon become a violent criminal act.

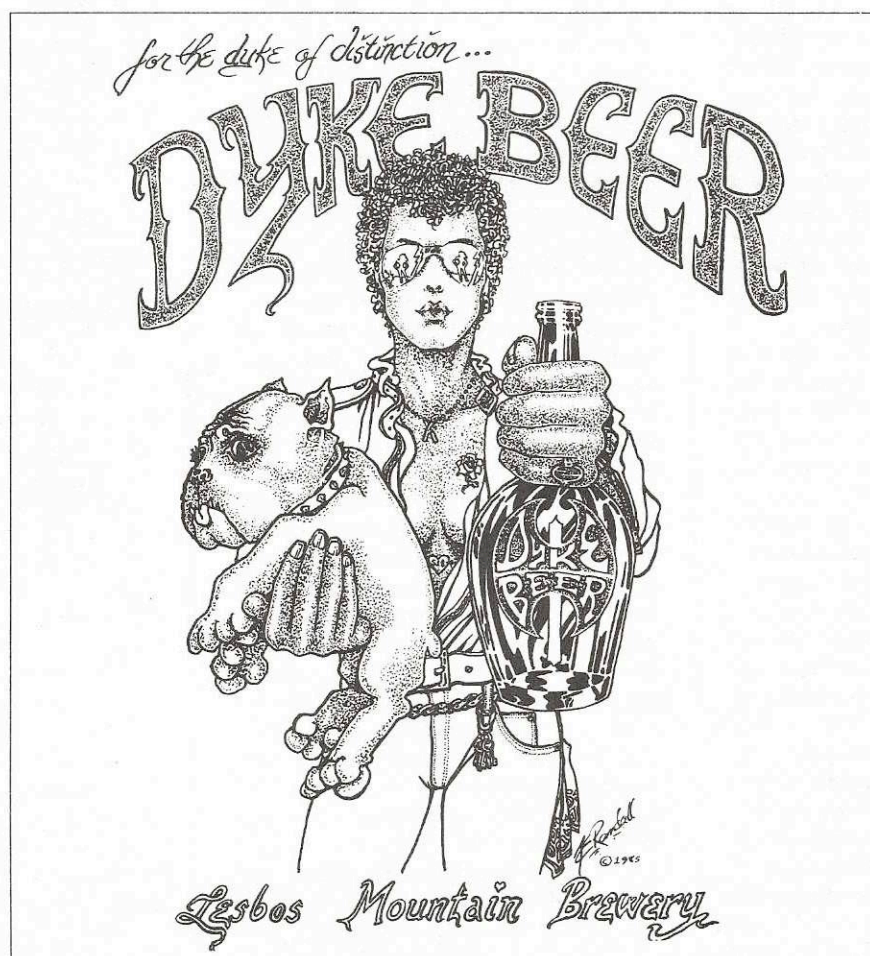
Sexual Sexism

The Presidential Meese Commission, which was appointed to study the "harmful" effects of pornography, have been scutinizing rubber sex toys. First they supported the outlaw of dildoes in the state of Georgia, then the Commission turned to examine the pernicious effects of vibrators. Whereupon, the lone female judge on the Commission warned, "Gentlemen, I believe we are going too far."

FREEDOM, NOW!

Catherine McKinnon, author of the anti-porn ordinance which nearly passed in Indianapolis, Minneapolis and Suffolk County, NY, has asked the *National Organization of Women* for their support. Consequently, *NOW* has formed a national commission to study its position on porn. Pro-sex feminists who have attended such meetings have reported poor attendance by women who

Considering that vibrators are primarily a woman's sex toy, as well as a symbol of the women's liberation movement, this attack made a direct hit on women's sexual freedom. As for dildoes, rubbers, and toys of a stretchable nature, they are a necessary part of safe sex practices in the prevention of AIDS. Would the Meese Commission rather prevent the disease in the form of tattooing those diagnosed with the virus, as suggested by William Buckley?



actually work in the sex industry.

Although the deadline for testimonials was April 15th, it is still possible to write them and let them know, in your own words, your experiences and/or feelings about explicit sexual materials, whether it be vibrators, magazines, videos, or erotic entertainment performances.

The anti-porn people are well-organized, vocal, and politically savvy. *NOW* needs to hear the other side! Write: Melanie Gilbert, *NOW*, Commission on Pornography, 1401 New York Avenue Suite 800, New York, NY 20005.

Jackie Randall

Advertisement

EROTIC IN NATURE



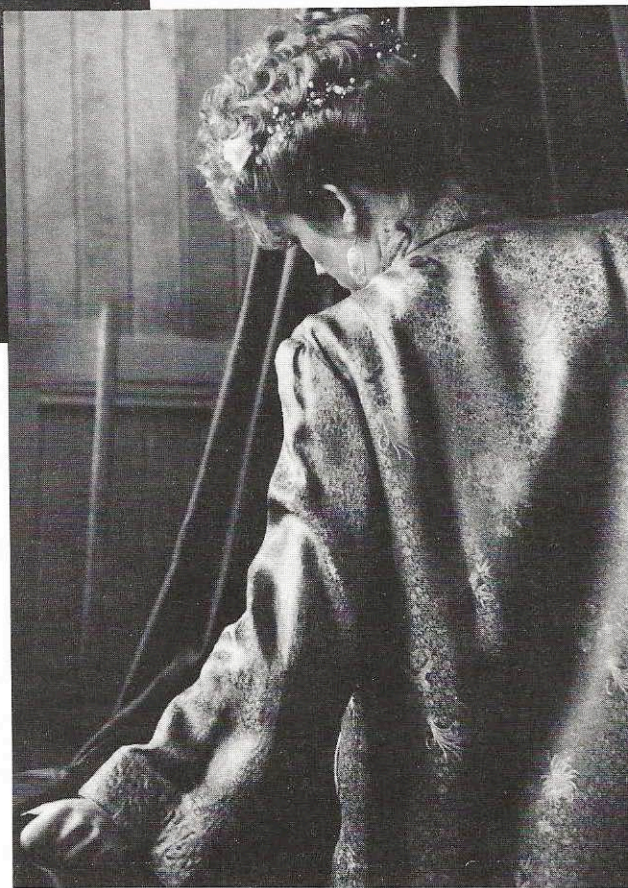
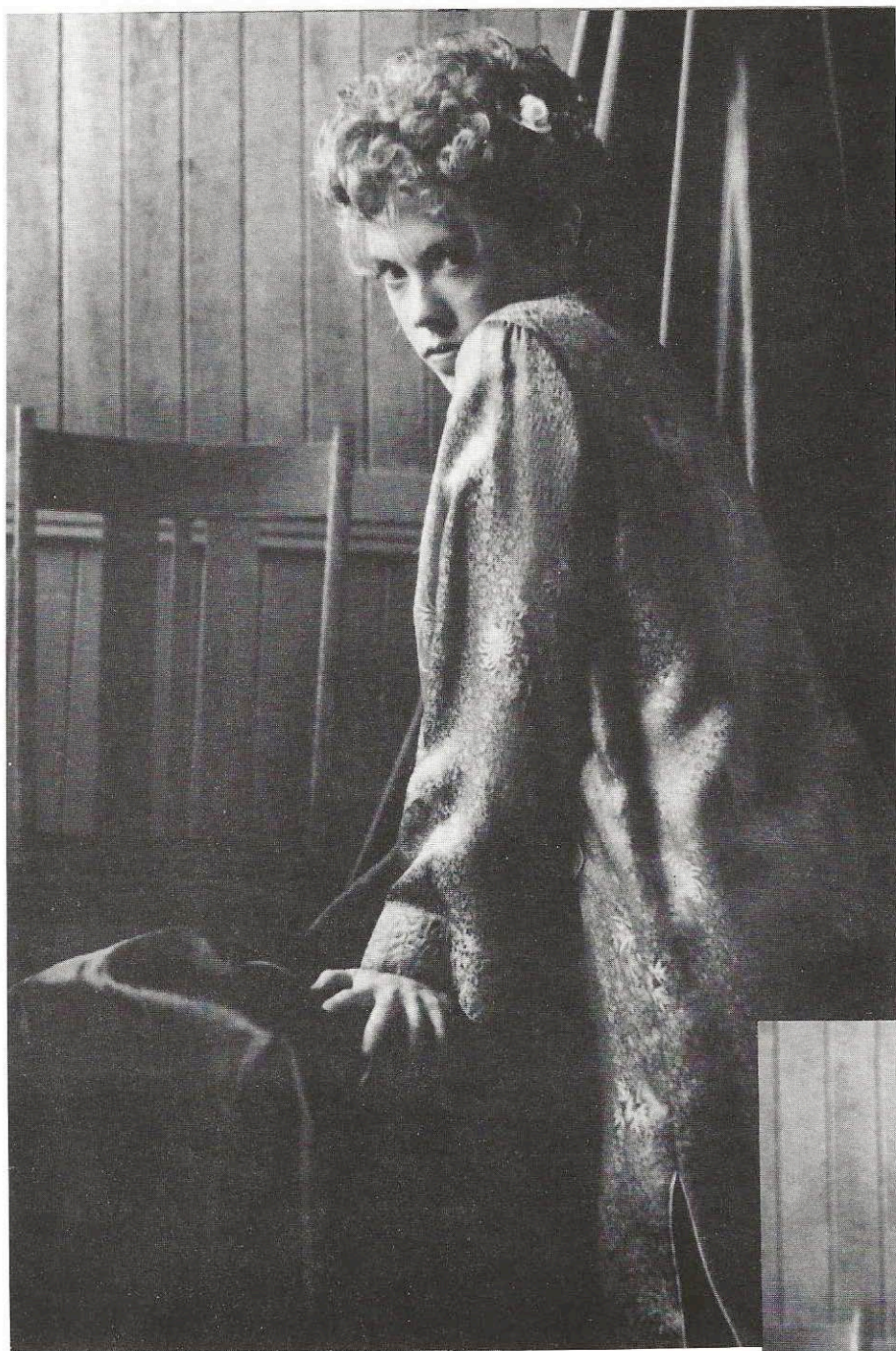


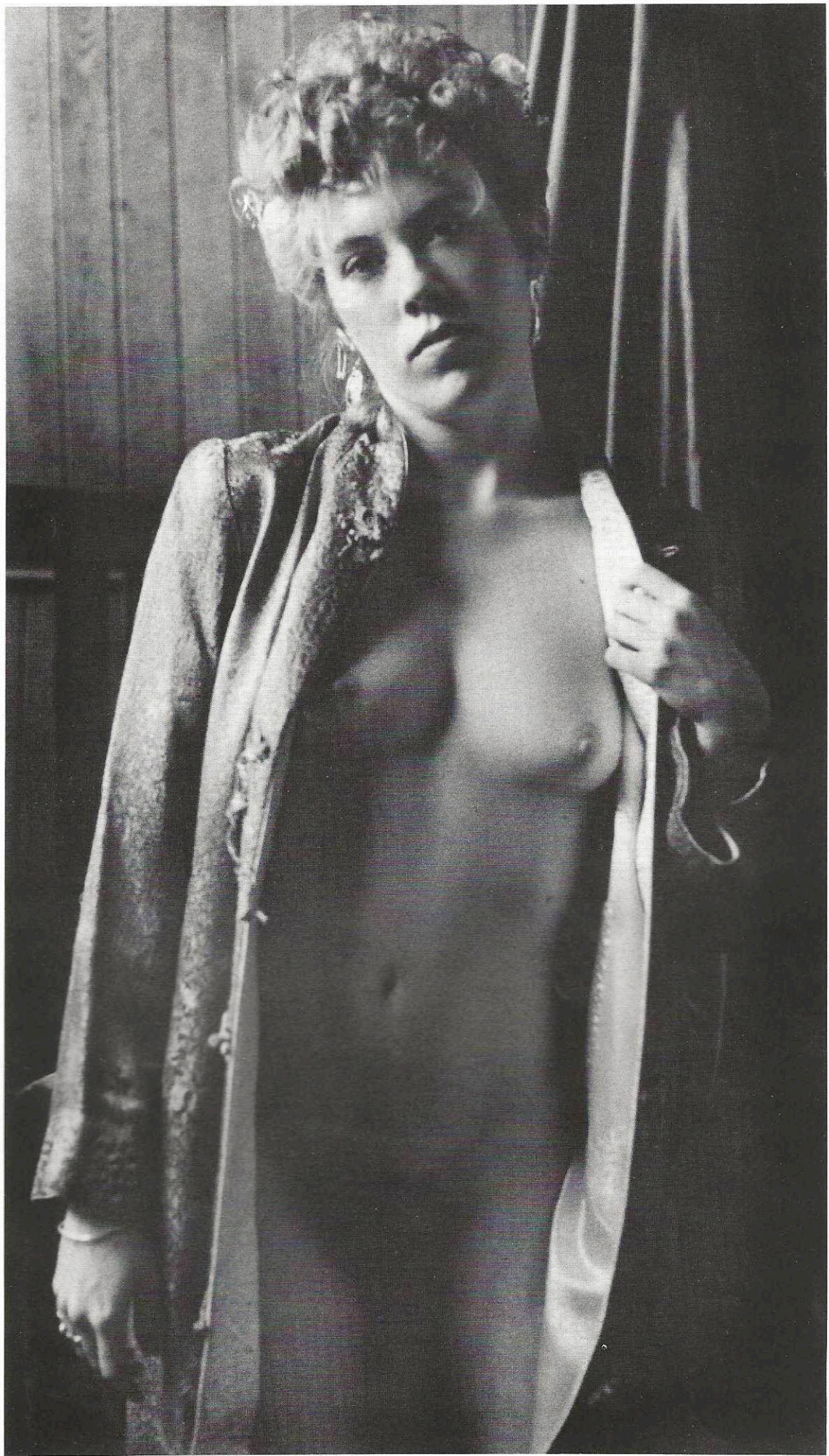
*Lady
Chatterly
Revealed*



Model: Frances

Photographs: H.L. Cottrell







ANNOUNCING...

THE FIRST ANNUAL ON OUR BACKS PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

All Winning Photos will be published in *On Our Backs*

**\$100 for Best Erotic Lesbian
Photographic Series (5-10 photos on a
single theme or subject)**

\$50 for Best Erotic Lesbian Single Photograph

Honorable Mentions awarded a free *On Our Backs* Subscription

What's a winning erotic photograph? Our judges are looking for lusty portraits of lesbians showing their sexual side; their passion for loving and being loved by other women. All kinds of lesbians...all kinds of lovemaking...all kinds of showing off. What do you think is hot? What kind of sexy pictures of women have you always wanted to see, or can't get enough of? Those are the kind of entries we want to see.

CONTEST RULES:

1. Contest is open to all except for the staff and families of Blush Productions.
2. Photographs must be black and white prints, any size. All entries must be sent in with a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope no later than June 1, 1986. Entries without SASEs will not be returned.
3. Winners will be informed of their award by August 1, 1986. Winning photographs will be kept at the *On Our Backs* office for publication.
4. Contestants must include their legal name, social security number, address, and phone number with each entry, along with any other name they wish to be published under.
5. Contestants may send in as many photographs as they want. State on the back of each photo whether it is entered as a *single photo* or *part of a series*.
7. Photos with recognizable models must be accompanied by signed model's releases. Use this sample release:

I hereby give On Our Backs/Blush Productions permission to publish photographs of myself. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photographs and my name will not appear, unless I request it. I certify that I am over 18 and possess full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's name: _____

Model's Signature: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Date: _____

Photographer: _____

Send entries to:

***On Our Backs* Photo Contest, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142.**



The One Appo

I never thought I'd fall in love with my hair stylist. Believe me, I was never tempted before today. The people who cut my curly locks have always been friendly faggots or bored straight women with very long fingernails. Lisa's fingernails, however, are not long, though they are very pink—a bright, deep pink to match her eye shadow. Her hair is blonde, of sorts, and flings itself out from her head in a dramatic abandon. I think she looks like a sun goddess. After seating me in the chair she made a suggestion for a new way to cut around my ears and, though I haven't really been listening, I couldn't say no. I was already under her spell.

I didn't even know if she was a lesbian. I didn't know anything about her. Maybe I was losing it. My lover had been gone for six weeks now, my work was going well, but I'd grown tired of seclusion. I realized just how tired when I went warm and wet all over as Lisa pressed me back into the shampoo chair.

Usually I enjoy having my hair washed. With the bored straight women I figure I can take the pleasure and they can't stop me. Unless they're rough, then I just pretend to enjoy it. I won't give them the satisfaction of hurting me. Lisa though, had a perfect touch, thorough and soothing, but I couldn't relax a muscle. I tried not watching her arms move over me, I tried to not smell the faint cologne she wore, I tried to ignore the firm hands kneading my scalp.

O'clock intment

BY LOTTAN.

Instead, I tried concentrating on the lights and pipes above me. The water had stopped running and I imagined she was reaching for a towel or for conditioner. I never imagined she was reaching for me—until I felt her fingers, a set on each side, tracing a moist trail down my neck, under my shirt, toward my breasts. I closed my eyes; if I was dreaming, so be it. She undid another button, allowing herself more freedom of movement within my shirt. For too long and for not long enough, she caressed, pinched, and rubbed until I could feel my breasts as pink as her nails. My nipples were hard with pleasure.

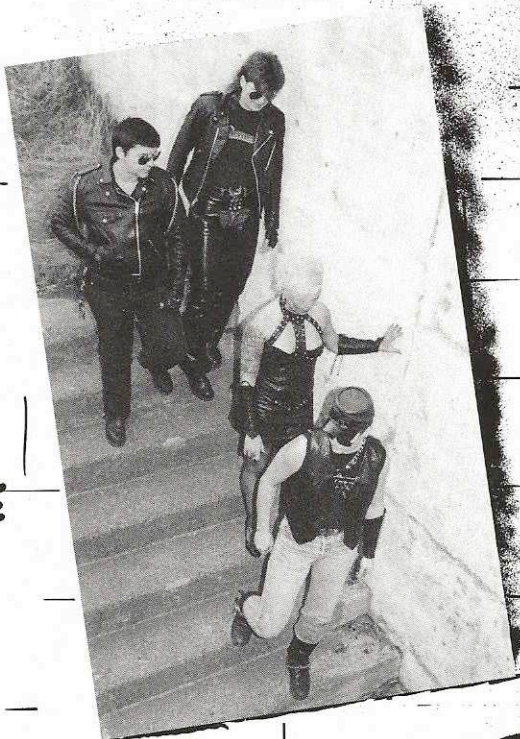
Slowly she drew her hands away and I felt her lean over me. Instinctively, my lips parted in greeting and she gifted me with a full mouth and a scouring tongue. It was the kind of kiss one unfortunately remembers in business meetings years later. I was still savoring the taste of her when she began raising me out of the chair, wrapping a towel around my wet head. I followed unsteadily into the salon proper.

Then she just, well, she just cut my hair. She didn't talk much, chatted a little with the other stylists, but hardly spoke to me at all. Mostly she concentrated on my hair. It took awhile, but eventually my breathing calmed. The worst part was staring at myself in the full length mirror. I never look at myself this much, but it was either me or her and I still couldn't look at her. The mirror supplied few

(continued on page 41)



I WANNA
KNOW
WHAT
LOVE
IS



I.K. LOVES P.A.

I
LOVE
TATTOO
BLUE



I
LOVE
WOMEN

HIT RULES







ON OUR BACKS
Spring 1986

TATTOO BLUE: ONE OF A KIND

THE FIRST TIME I SAW TATTOO BLUE DANCE AT THE BLUSH LESBIAN BURLEZQUE, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS UP. There were at least a dozen dykes' motorcycles parked outside, and inside I recognized their owners; some of the finest lesbian riders who lead the San Francisco Gay Day parade each year.

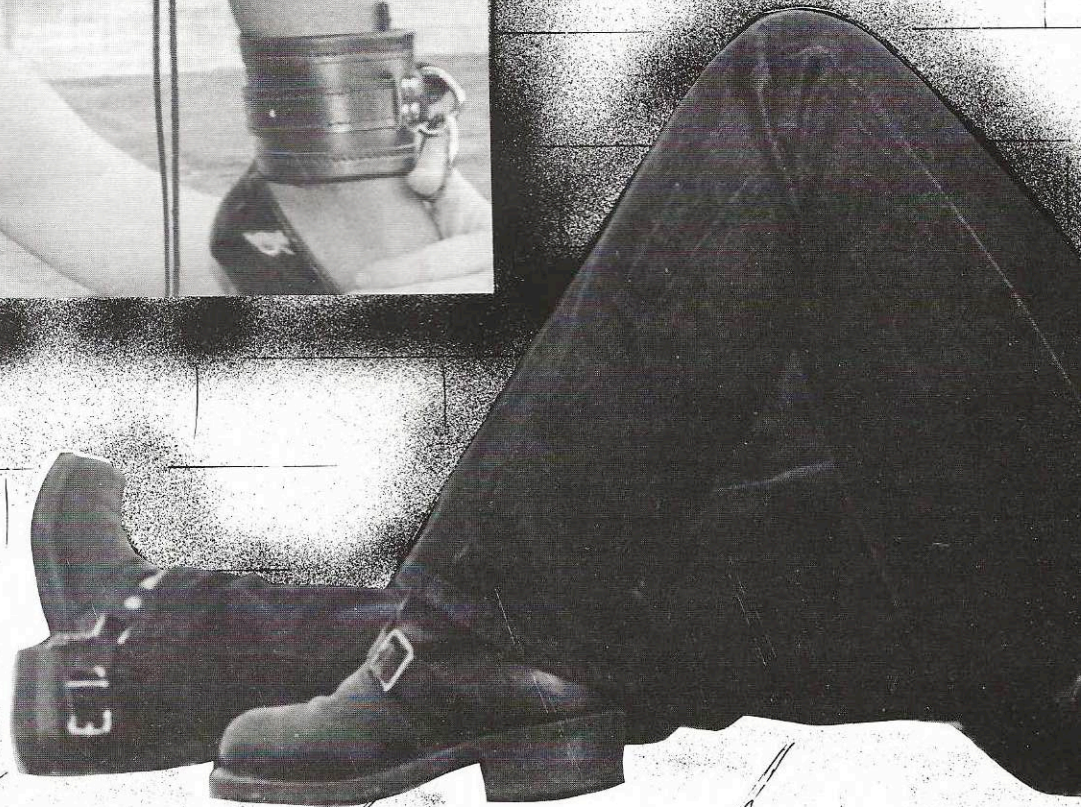
Would Tattoo even get to make an appearance on stage that night? The bar owner was reportedly pissed that her alley way had been spray painted with homages to Tattoo Blue. Graffiti had appeared all over town, and Blue was rumoured to be getting roses delivered every week to her door by obsessed admirers.

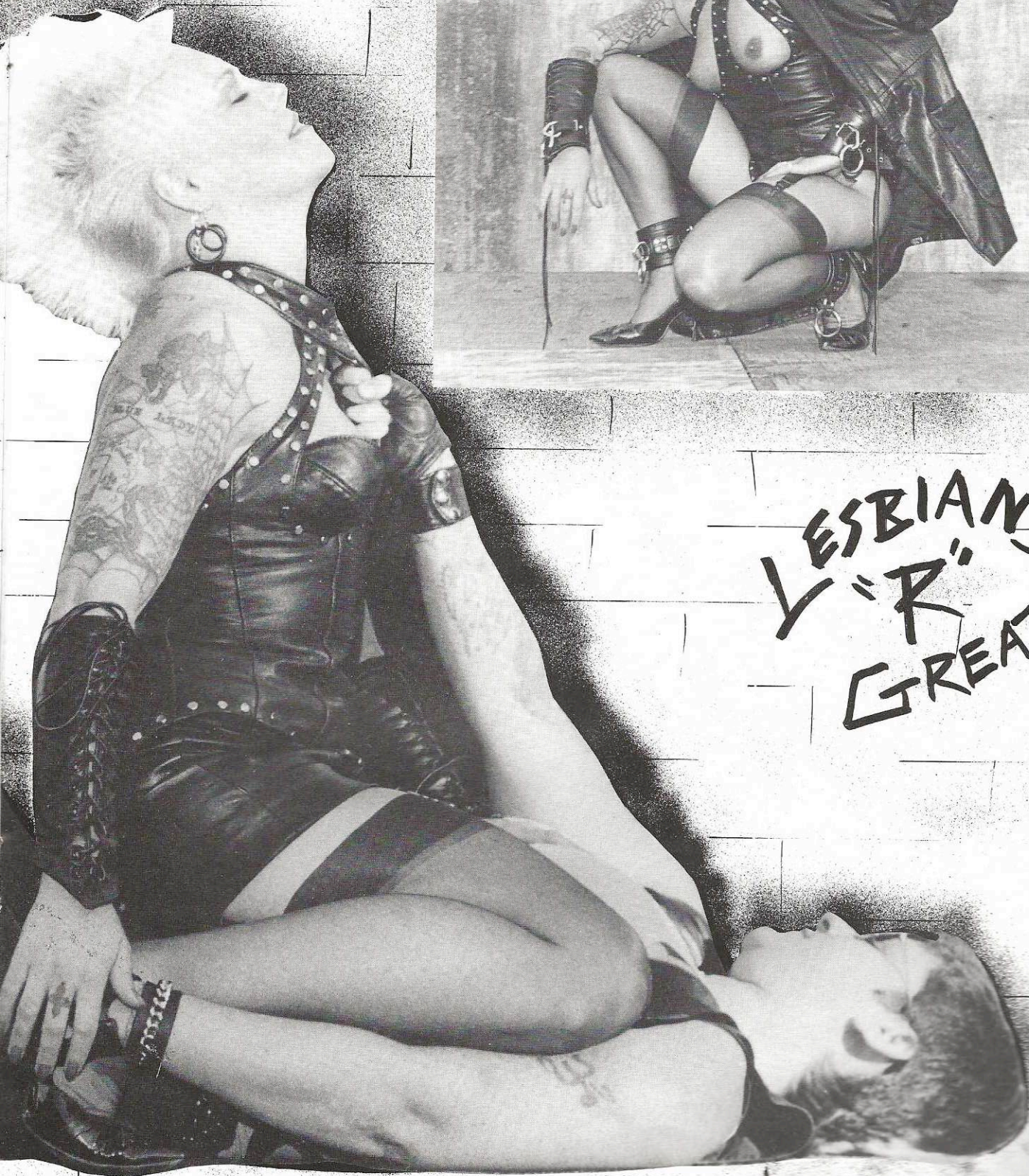
The Blue Lady did indeed make her performance. I couldn't believe my eyes. This woman was covered with outrageous tattoos all over her biceps, back, hands and legs; with the sexist, most feminine black leather outfit on, and a white hot mohawk standing up

(continued on page 44)



ALL PHOTOS BY
SHARI COHEN





LESBIANS
V "R"
GREAT

THE

Barbie Painter



The two femmes were large and loud and loving; the butch was lean and quiet and caring. On a hot August day, they met at the information booth at Penn Station and rushed together to make the early train to Sayville, Long Island.

The butch sat in the middle, her white shirt setting off her slender but muscular arms. The three laughed and talked; sitting low in the stained old train seats. Every once in a while, the two femmes made allusions as to how they would pleasure their butch companion. From time to time, the older femme, a woman in her mid-forties, would run her hand along the butch's inner thighs. She knew the coming day would be complicated for her but she felt secure in what her hands and mouth could do. She felt only love and caring for her two friends: the butch whom she had serviced several times before, and who

had always treated her with courtly concern, and the young, vivacious but sensitive femme whose flashes of beauty delighted her. The older woman knew she would watch over her young friend today, making sure that desire did not become loneliness.

Their train began to fill up with other gay women and men, all making the trek out to the Grove on New York's fabled Fire Island. After an hour's ride, they finally piled out of the train. The waiting taxis were driven by crusty old straight men that would take them to the patient ferries that had spent years carrying queens and bull dykes over the one deep channel in the Great South Bay.

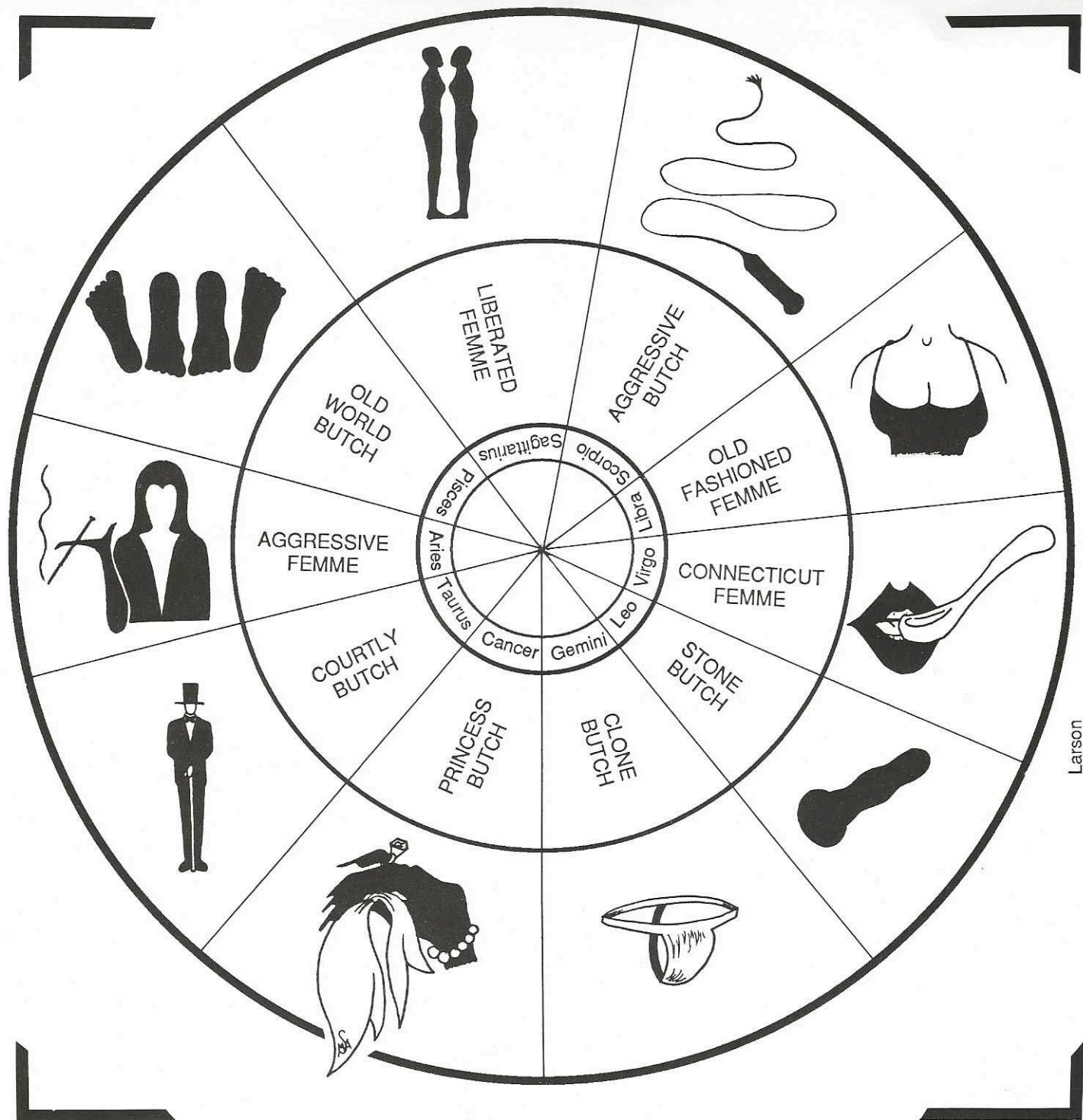
The sun shone hot and clear and the

air was fresh with salt. They stood on line, taking turns getting coffee for each other, teasing each other, always the femmes' flamboyant spirits playing off the butch's self-restraint. A bond was growing between them, three bodies, three histories open to the sun.

After a short wait, the large white ferry welcomed them on and they settled themselves near the windows. Slowly the old boat pulled out of its moorings and carefully maneuvered through the small channel that led to the wider bay. They pulled closer together, as the boat now free of its restraints surged forward, sending up banners of spray. In half an hour they reached the gray planked pier and

(continued on page 38)

BY JOAN NESTLE



THE NEW BUTCH/FEMME: The 80's Answer to Astrology

Nancy A.F. Langer

Given a raging national debate over the political correctness of Butch/Femme, it seems painfully clear that some lesbians have mistaken an emerging popular culture for more than it is. After all, Butch/Femme is to lesbians of the 80's what astrology was to the flower children of the 60's. Who

can imagine going to a party nowadays without asking a "What's your sign?" equivalent? Butch/Femme, post-feminist revolution, is newly revised, newly expanded, and very, very wrong. That's why we like it so much.

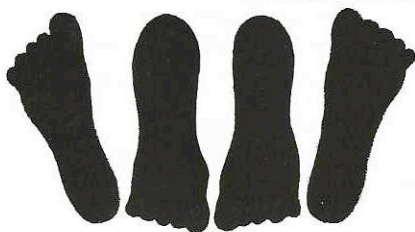
Butch/Femme has become a kind of cultural iconography, wouldn't you say?

It seems impossible to avoid the "What are you?" opening question; whether at a Dignity women's retreat, a Lesbian Sex Mafia fundraiser, or a cruisy bar. The varieties of Butch/Femme types are ever increasing. Below, a sample of the latest outgrowths.

Sam, 38, Connecticut femme:

Wears underwire bras. Got hooked on tribadism while at Bryn Mawr. Her lovers shop in Brooks Brothers Men's Department. She drives a station wagon, plays with a Prince racquet, and wears turtlenecks with teeny, tiny strawberries on them. Favorite sport: lacrosse and playing hard to get.

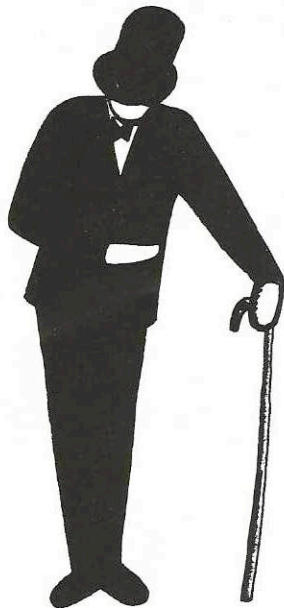
Favorite fantasy: A policewoman pulls her over to the side of the road for speeding. The cop is enormous, weighs about 300 pounds. She threatens loss of license. Sam cries, begs. Lady cop makes Sam move over to the passenger seat. Drives to secluded spot at the back of nearby country club, saying nothing. Pulls into woods, stops car, makes Sam get out. Forces her to kneel in the glare of the headlights of the car. Lifts her own skirt with billy club. Makes Sam suck her pussy as she stands over her, towering like an enormous monument. The cop tells her she is a spoiled brat and needs a big strong momma to keep her in line. When Sam arrives home she has grass stains on the knees of her new Catalina white wool pants...



Ann, 25, aggressive butch:

Drives 95 MPH on the freeway shoulder at the height of rush hour "to avoid the traffic." Takes girls into bathrooms at parties; they are never her date. Wears jockey shorts. Has never heard of women's liberation or foreplay, yet always chooses feminists as sexual partners. Satisfies them. Favorite food: Pastrami, tongue, cole slaw and American cheese on rye.

Favorite fantasy: Meets Madonna at beach party of L.A. friend. Has absolutely no interest in her. Bored, wanders out to darkened cabana; Madonna follows. They meet in darkness near pool; share a joint. Ann pushes her back against the cabana wall, and fondles her breasts roughly. They fall to cement, which smells faintly of chlorine. Ann comes down on her, when Madonna orgasms she begins fisting her; Madonna screams, comes again several times. Ann leaves driving fast in her sportscar with radio turned up high, not knowing, not caring, who she's had.



Roxanne, 32, princess butch:

When she travels, packs her pants and starched shirts in tissue paper, just like her mother taught her. Sits with knees apart, yet never gets holes in her crotch. Likes to eat, but worries about her weight. Favorite sex toy: the eager beaver vibrator, because it's both quiet and hygienic, and it travels well.

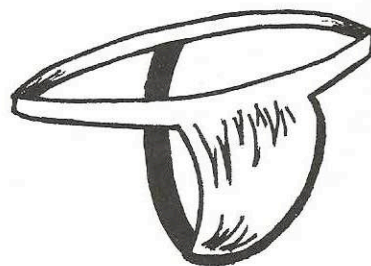
Recurring fantasy: meets the girl of her dreams, a tax lawyer, and settles down. Buy large city townhouse together. Have twin baby girls through artificial insemination. Much of the fantasy is devoted to how she will coach her spouse during delivery. Obvious result, twin baby girls. Buy them Lacoste tennis clothes for boys; they all live happily ever after.



Allie, 24, liberated femme:

Active on abortion rights, goes to lesbian S/M parties. Likes butches who use strap-on dildoes. Also likes tit clamps, punk clothes, vibrators, stiletto heels and masturbating alone while reading gay male porn. Favorite one night stand: pleasant lady stranger who finger fucked her in stairwell of subway, after a Times Square pornography tour sponsored by *Women Against Pornography*.

Favorite fantasy: Her lover plans a party for her birthday. Allie arrives to find only butches present. They take her jeans and sweater off, and snap her into a tight pink corset. Have her put on white hose, high heels two sizes too small. They drink, do coke, smoke pot, and hand her from lap to lap. Her lover watches as they take her, usually on the coffee table, singly and in groups, over the course of a long weekend. When they leave, Allie is given a terrible spanking for being so bad, and allowed to bring herself to orgasm with her fingers while her lover cradles her, murmuring "Happy Birthday, darling."



Marlene, 41, Aggressive femme:

Wears strapless dresses, perches on bar stools, feels naked without her nails done. Has discovered that no butch can resist her when she says "You're so big and strong" while she allows her hand to accidentally, on purpose, rub against her victim's crotch. Has used this successful ploy with no modification since 1969. Dislikes other femmes; sometimes wonders whether she's not really an aggressive butch who likes to roll over. Favorite holiday: Texas, 1972. She spent a month going from cowgirl bar to cowgirl bar; came back with a side saddle, a hat, new boots, and a charge card to Neiman Marcus thanks to that big, sappy Houston what's-her-name execudyke.

Favorite fantasy: She really settles down and has no interest in any butch other than her spouse. They barbecue out back a lot. She is no longer

(continued on page 39)

The first girl's cunt I touched other than my own was in 1969, when I was 7 years old. My friend's name was Nancy Parsons. We touched each other every chance we got: during naptime on our mats, in the girl's room, under a blanket in the back of my parent's station wagon, and under her canopied bed.

We liked touching very much, but after she called me a "sex maniac" at the end of second grade, we never touched again.

The next cunt I touched was with my toes; this cunt was clothed in jeans. It was 1972. The cunt belonged to Lorraine Singer, one of my schoolmates. We were to have an adventurous weekend exploring Cape Cod under my mother's tutelage. However, on the way to the Cape, a car window got stuck open and Lorraine caught a cold. My mother was disappointed and left me to nurse my friend. I cut a fresh grapefruit for her and decorated the centers with Maraschino cherries. After she finished a couple of sectioned slices, I sat at the opposite end of the couch and ran my foot along the seam of her blue jeans up to her cunt. She smiled. I massaged. New England rain ran down the sliding glass doors as she smoothed her stocking foot up to my cunt. I don't know if she got well any faster, but our nursing innovations made staying inside a lot more fun.

High school was a bust. I didn't touch another woman's cunt again until

GIRLS'

the Winter of 1981.

That winter, in Madison, Wisconsin, I met Stacy Cahill. Hers was the first adult cunt I touched and the first one I tasted. We were both pleased with the double honors.

She found me at the "Going My Way", the third in a series of bars I visited one evening. I had already fallen down from six White Russians, and being an out-of-towner, had no idea how to get back to my hotel room.

Stacy offered to escort me back to my hotel, and then when we got there a few minutes later, she informed me that I must be mistaken if I thought SHE was going to walk home alone.

"Alright," I said, "you can sleep in my room." I was sharing the room with another female hotel guest, but she would be asleep and couldn't possibly mind.

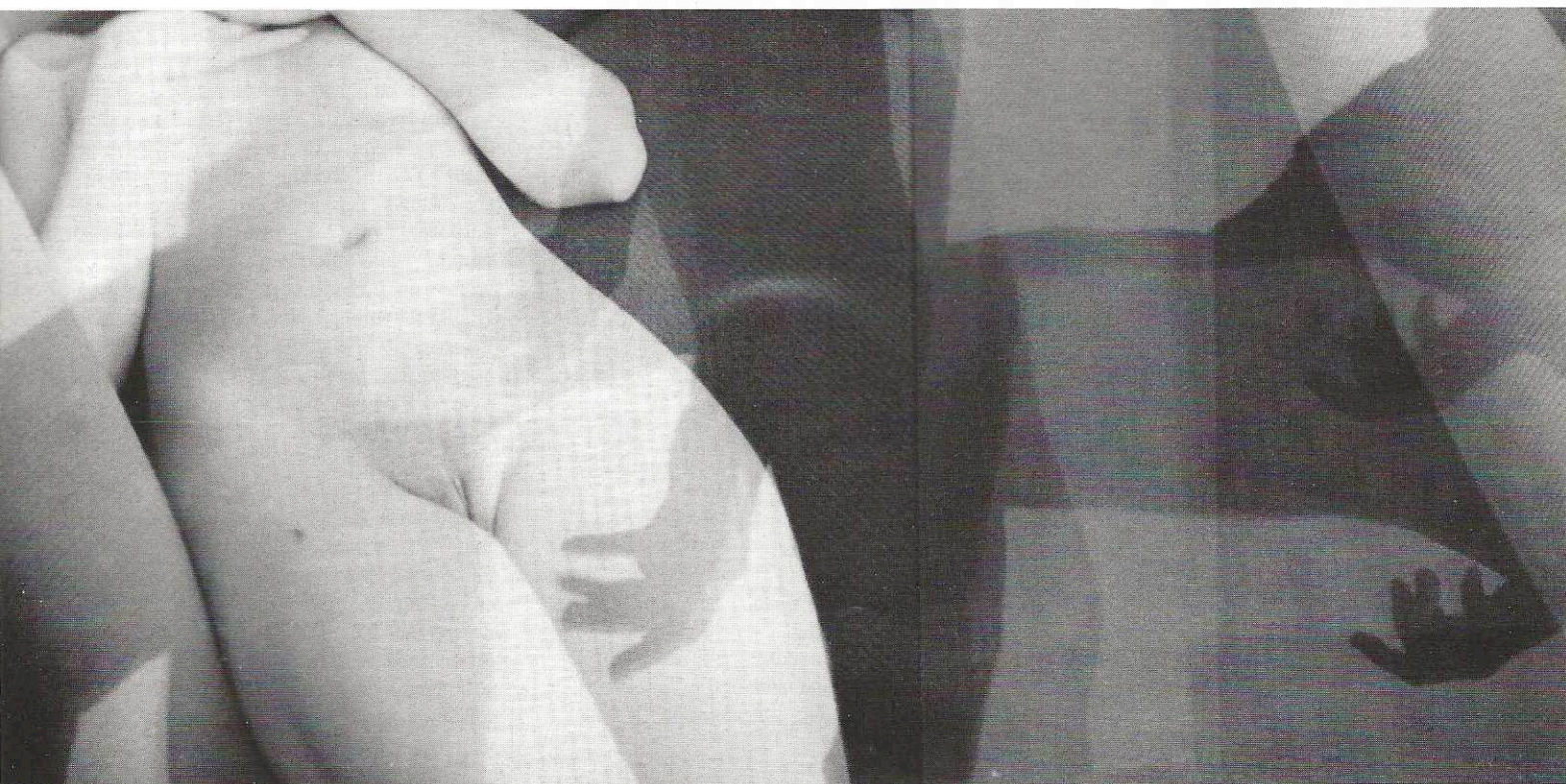
BY CAZWELL MASSEY

We went up to my room and found my Barbara-Eden look-alike roommate sleeping soundly. I excused myself to brush my teeth. I washed my hands with a nail brush and Phiso-derm. Then I put on my nylon running shorts and a cotton mesh t-shirt. Stacy was milling around in the front room with the lights out.

I crawled into the double bed. "Goodnight," I said, and then added, "You can take the bedspread for the floor."

"I am not sleeping on the floor," she said. She pulled off the rest of her clothes, and pulled down a corner of my covers. "Move over," she whispered.

I had no idea of how rude my invitation to the floor had sounded. I



CUNTS

PHOTO BY HL COTTRELL

didn't want her to know just how much I wanted her, this woman that I had only known a few hours.

Well, she knew this too. She reached across the bed to touch me and said, "What's this? Fish net? Take it off! And these too!" She snapped the waistband of my shorts. I obliged her.

Then she caressed my face and I melted. She kissed me very gently and traced the curves of one ear with a fingertip. Our lips parted and I stared into her grey eyes. Heads together, lips pressed, breasts pressed, her toes touched my legs just below the knee.

"I've never slept with a black woman before," she sighed between kisses. I suddenly remembered I was in Wisconsin.

I held her tighter and kissed her neck passionately, my warm breath heralding about her neck and shoulders of greater things to come. I lay alongside her and moved one thigh between hers. She played with my tits, and fingered my clit, which was very wet; very slippery and swollen.

She rolled on her back and asked me to lay on top of her. I complied, but my body felt uncomfortably large resting upon hers. I moved down and cupped her tits in my palms. Her breasts were beautiful, and she smiled when I somewhat formally said so. I rubbed and squeezed her nipples between my fingers until I held summer's red raspberries with them. Stacy was moaning softly. I slid beneath the covers, slowly kissing my way down until I felt her bush underneath my chin. The hair was so

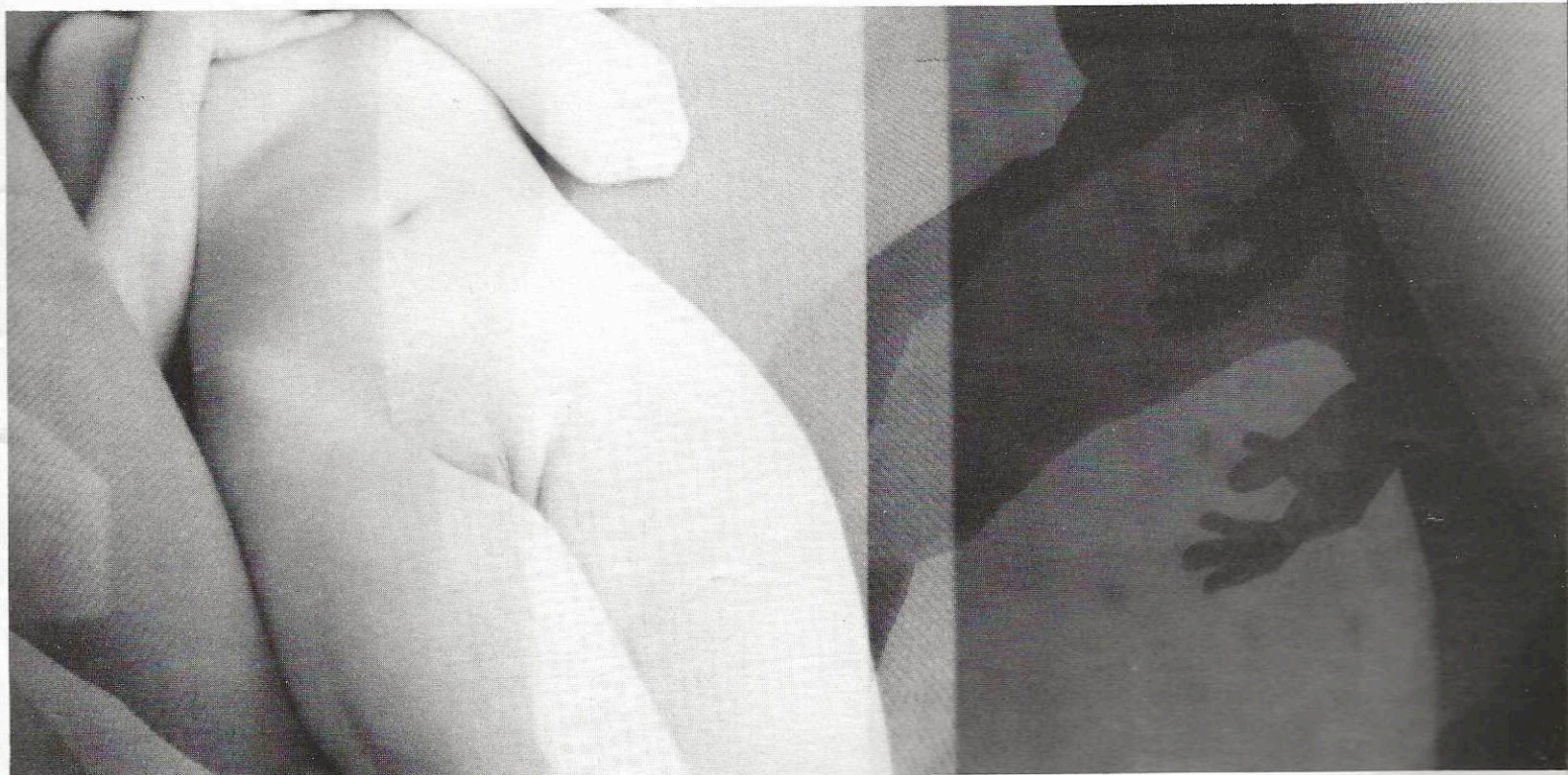
soft, I couldn't help grinning as it brushed my cheek. I inhaled her sweetness deeply, then licked the base of her clit. I heard her breath quicken as I stroked her with my tongue and rubbed my cheeks and soft afro against her thighs. I covered her wet cunt with my mouth and slowly licked around it. The flavor and smoothness of the skin was thrilling. I pushed back her hood with the tip of my tongue and lightly skimmed her hot little button. I pressed my face into her and stuck my tongue deep inside. My head moved with her swaying hips as she cooed and moaned. Sucking hard on her clit, I reached up to caress her tits again.

"Oooh," she whispered, "What're you doin'? What're you doin'?"

It sounded like Toni Tenille singing "Ooh Baby Watchoo Doin". Of course, that song started playing in my head and I was sucking to the beat. Stacy started bucking. I held on with my fingers and lips. Next thing I knew her thighs were hot on my ears, and my head was in a vise.

Paradise.

The next day I could hardly speak because it hurt to move my tongue. Stacy helped me carry my bags to the bus. We knew we wouldn't see each other again. We smoked a joint in the courtyard of a church and drank a farewell coke in a Greek diner. With my back against a big oak we kissed goodbye. Having made our impression on each other, we walked away alone with a new angel.







First Prize, Tee Corrine



Second Prize, Karen Anna

The Envelope Please...

Herizons is a Binghamton, New York women's social club that sponsors a National Lesbian Slide Show & Competition each year. Categories include a special section on Lesbian Sexuality: eroticism, hugging, kissing; feeling good about ourselves and all aspects of lesbian sex. *Herizons* compiles the pictures and shows them to lesbian audiences around the country, where the viewers vote on their favorites. The 1985 winners here portray an erotic view of lesbian tenderness. Congratulations to the photographers whose work inspired such popularity!

Herizons would like to hear from you for their next Slide Show, as a contributing artist or as a prospective audience. Write to: Herizons/NLSSC, POB 354, Binghamton, NY 13902.

Third Prize, Marcelina Martin

Lesbians and STDs*

Suzann Gage

Sexually transmitted diseases (STDs) amongst Lesbians are virtually non-existent. However, with the rise of interest in sexual freedom issues, and concerns about AIDS, more and more Lesbians are asking questions about the real risks of getting STDs and about safe sexual practices.

What DOES make a Lesbian at risk of getting STDs? As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together. STDs tend to travel in certain sexual groups. There aren't a lot of STDs circulated in the lesbian community because there aren't many STD's within the Lesbian community to pass around. STDs found in Lesbians usually originate from sexual contacts within the bisexual, heterosexual or gay male community.

One Lesbian reports: "Once following a painful break up, and during a period of sexual identity soul searching, I had an affair with a man who gave me venereal warts (genital warts). I have been with numerous women sexually, including a lot of casual sex, but I have never gotten anything from another woman. I got treatment immediately, and fortunately never had a reoccurrence, and never passed it on to anyone else. I have not slept with any men since, not out of fear of getting VD so much as having a preference for women. But it really made me think about the kind of precautions I should take with anyone who's sexual history I didn't know that well."

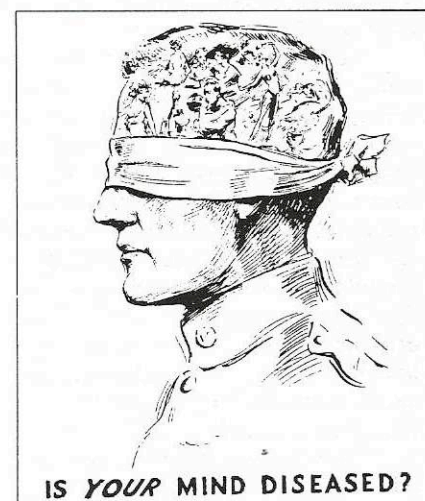
Not only is there a low risk of exposure to STDs within the Lesbian community, there is also a lower incidence of multiple partners. Having more than one partner per se does not increase one's risk of getting STDs. However, the risk does increase if there is a high rate of STDs present in the

people you are relating to, and if you are not following safe sex guidelines. It also increases if your immune system is weak; making it more difficult for the body to ward off disease, or if you are an intravenous drug user, or if you are sexual with women who fall into a high risk category. Lesbians who are concerned about getting STDs would be advised to consult the "Safe Sex Guidelines For Lesbians At Risk" (*OOB Winter 1986*). These guidelines, though written with an emphasis on preventing the spread of AIDS, can be applied to other STDs as well.

STDs, which include: gonorrhea, syphilis, chlamydia, herpes, venereal warts, and AIDS, are primarily passed through direct contact of warm moist mucus membrane linings and exchanging body fluids. Sometimes common vaginal infections such as trichomonas (trich) are viewed as STDs since they can also be passed through sexual contact.

STD organisms die quickly in cold air. Therefore, unless an object such as a dildo, are coated with *warm moist* infected secretions and put in *direct* contact with the mucus membranes of the mouth, genitals or anus, the likelihood of contracting an STD is greatly reduced. However, any shared sexual toys should be thoroughly washed and dried before use by another person. You'll prevent common vaginal and bladder infections as well as avoiding the transmission of STD's. Try using condoms on your sex toys if they are difficult or inconvenient to wash between uses.

Bacterial STDs, such as gonorrhea, chlamydia and syphilis, can be treated with antibiotics. **Viral** STDs, such as herpes, venereal warts, hepatitis B, and AIDS, have no known cures although



No Magic Bullet

treatments are being researched and used experimentally. Symptoms of STDs vary greatly. Gonorrhea and chlamydia can cause burning during urination and sometimes a discharge. Abdominal pain may develop most often with gonorrhea, as the infection moves into the uterus and egg tubes causing scarring and possible sterility. Syphilis can start with a chancre (painless sore) on the genitals that disappears and is followed months later by a body rash. In its latter stages syphilis can cause neurological damage. Herpes creates little itchy blisters on the mouth or genitals that break open, forming sores. Venereal warts appear as little cauliflower-like bumps on the genitals. Crabs, or pubic lice, are tiny insects that attach to the pubic hair and cause itching. Hepatitis is a virus which infects the liver causing fatigue, achiness, sore throat, nausea, and a yellow tinge to the eyes and skin (jaundice). Persons with AIDS may not have symptoms for months or even several years. AIDS symptoms include severe chronic fever and night sweats, rapid weight loss, swollen lymph glands, fatigue, diarrhea, and blemishes in the mouth.

Herpes is one of the STDs that has made a widespread appearance in the lesbian community. A number of lesbians have reported passing herpes from their mouth to their partner's genitals:

"I got genital herpes when my lover had oral sex with me and she had this little sore on her mouth. Neither of us knew it could be herpes. She's had these cold sores ever since she was a little kid. We only thought you could get herpes if you had intercourse with a man. We don't have outbreaks very often. But it makes us mad that

nobody talks about these things because we certainly would have been more careful if we had known."

Lack of information is a leading factor in the spread of STDs in our society, not to mention attacks on sex education by the Moral Majority, and Reagan's budget cuts in the area of human services. However, people can reduce their risk of STDs as evidenced by the fact that the incidence of gonorrhea and syphilis have significantly dropped in the gay male community with the increased use of safe sexual practices. Frank talk about sex is a must in combating STDs and in taking care of ourselves and each other.

One Lesbian reports: "I've had a fair amount of casual sex. I got gonorrhea years ago when I was sleeping with men. Then later, after coming out, I got herpes from a woman. It really makes you stop and think about what you are doing and with whom. I make a point of talking to women I sleep with about who they have been with and if they ever had VD (not exactly dinner conversation). I sort of work it into swapping coming out stories, or just ask outright. Most women I've been with don't take offense; they are just as concerned as you, but are afraid to say anything. One time, I was with this woman who had a bump at the opening to her vagina that felt like a wart under my tongue. We then kissed but I didn't let her go down on me out of fear of my getting warts. Afterwards, I asked her if she had noticed a bump on her vagina, and suggested that she should get it checked out. She got a little defensive so I dropped it. What more could I say? I wasn't making a value judgement, I just felt like it was a matter of responsibility. At least I protected myself. But it upsets me that women can't just talk about their bodies like that. I've learned the hard way that I haven't got anything to lose... except my health. And that's a lot!"

For more information about STDs:

A Book About Sexually Transmitted Diseases. Send \$2.00 to: The Montreal Health Press, Inc., P.O. BOX 1000, Station La Cite, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2W 2N1. (514) 272-5441.

On Our Back Safe Sex Guidelines for Lesbians. Send \$1.00 and SASE to: Safe Sex/On Our Backs, P.O. Box 421916, S.F., CA. 94142.



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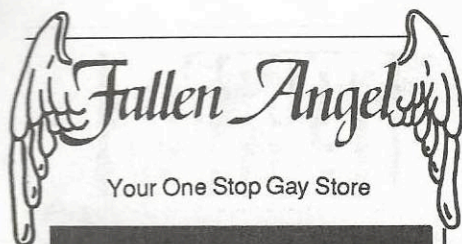


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(THREE continued from page 29)

quickly walked the narrow boards that paved the streets of this gay village.

They spread their blankets close to the water. The butch stripped. She would wear nothing for the whole day. The two femmes wore one piece bathing suits that presented their breasts well. They followed the butch as she walked into the water, her chiseled body entering the sea without a halt, while they flirted with the small waves and slowly let the coldness take them. Once beyond the breakers, the three swam into each other's bodies in odd patterns, entwining their arms and legs around each other as the larger waves surged toward them. They held each other high up in the buoyant water. Once the butch swam behind the older woman and cupped her breasts while the rest of her floated down into the sea.

Back on the blanket the butch lay between them and each femme would suck a nipple when the desire took her. They ran their hands down the resting butch's flanks, soothing her, teasing her. The young femme took joy in running her long red nails down the butch's back, and they both watched as the butch pushed her body into the sand, her fingers and toes curling with pleasure. The older woman had made sandwiches for them all and late in the afternoon she served them. How good it all tasted, the warm summer tomatoes and sun-melted cheese on the grainy fresh bread; the ice water, the juicy peaches. Breasts and food, laziness and comfort, the sun, the sea, the wonder of freedom and the pleasure of kindness.

Toward evening they changed their clothes, went to dinner and danced a little. Then they separated for a while; the older woman was tired and went to sit on the wooden steps overlooking the quieted sea, while the others went to visit friends and drink champagne.

Late in the evening they were reunited in the small cottage where they would spend the night. The bed was large and low to the ground. The older woman, still fully clothed, sat with her head resting against the wall watching the butch give the younger femme a good hard fucking with her fingers. The butch knelt over the young woman who threw her hips back and forth as the hand demanded more and more from her. Her hips reached for the butch's arms, "more, please give me more," she moaned.

The older woman felt nothing but appreciated the shapes and movement

before her. She respected the intensity of pleasure-giving that held the butch taut and focused on the woman beneath her. The young femme reached her hand out to the older woman, wanting to draw her in. Finally, as if reaching down from a huge height, the older woman leaned forward and wrapped her fingers around the younger woman's full hair and held the woman's head in a slightly turned position. She stared down at the woman's beautiful face, knowing that the young femme enjoyed the restraint and the knowledge that her passion was being fully observed.

"Yes," she said to the straining woman, "take it all. This is what you have wanted for a long time, now take it all." For a long while this fucking went on and then the two rested.

The butch sat back on her heels and both of them looked at the older woman. "There is one among us who is fully clothed," the butch said. Slowly the older woman relented. She leaned forward and removed her blouse so her full breasts hung free. She then leaned back and raised her hips to remove her panties.

As if she was awakening from a long cold winter, she felt a desire growing in her. "Fuck me with your cock," she said in a low voice to the butch. The butch said, "yes, I would like to do that very much, yes." The butch rose above the other two women and fastened on her harness, the black leather straps fitting smoothly over her taut belly and cheeks. She knelt there with her cock jutting out and the older woman rose to her, taking the cock between her breasts, rubbing it, rolling, pushing it between her nipples, hardened breasts. Then with a smile she pushed the butch back on the pillows and took her cock into her mouth. She licked it, swallowed it, squeezed it and told the butch what a wonderful cock she had and how much she wanted it. Then, sensing the impatience of the younger femme she moved aside so the other woman could also slide her lips down the wetted cock.

The butch moaned and moved her hips. "Oh you girls, so good, so good." The older woman lay down flat on the bed and the younger femme let the cock slip out of her mouth. The butch moved to the foot of the bed and spread the legs of the older woman. First she reached for her cunt and finding the moisture she wanted, she positioned herself over the older

(continued on page 42)

(B/F ASTRO continued from page 31)
known as a home wrecker.

Scottie, 19, clone butch: At an early age realized she was interested in boys because she too wanted to walk around bare chested, with her tee shirt stuck provocatively in the hip pocket of her jeans. In her dorm room she possesses everything Edmund White ever wrote, a poster of Joan Crawford, and an underwear drawer filled with men's bikini underwear, and Trojans for her dildo. Likes to take her girlfriend from behind.

Favorite magazine: *The New Yorker*. Favorite encounter: sat next to a lone woman at a showing of *Emanuelle 2*. Put her hand on her knee, further, further,... Luckily, Scottie brought along her leather jacket which came in handy to toss over their laps when the usher walked by. They exchanged numbers on the edge of a ripped up popcorn container and never saw each other again.

Laura, 39, old-fashioned femme: Flirts with any female in pants. Wears tight dresses that hug her shapely back side, but never wears low-cut anything. Likes *White Shoulders* perfume, which she applies with her grandmother's atomizer. Will perform fellatio on a butch's dildo without embarrassment, as long as it's in relative private. For example, the back seat of car, or a walk-in closet at Methodist Church. Favorite sex experience: orgasm during a necking session at a drive-in movie in Baltimore. Her girdle had a hole in it, allowing an insistent finger to enter and stimulate her without the other couple knowing how far she had let her date go.

Favorite fantasy: Called by an unknown admirer. Told to wear particular clothes, which the stranger

must have seen her in. Instructed to go to seedy restaurant next to a Holiday Inn. When she arrives, a chair is pulled out for her while the dinner hostess with beehive watches jealously. Dinner discussion entirely composed of embarrassing personal questions regarding Laura's hygiene habits, sexual experiences, and body measurements. A walk across the parking lot takes them to a motel room already furnished with a host of sex toys. She feels like a bride.

May, 55, courtly butch: Drives a big American car. Lights women's cigarettes, opens doors. Has nurtured a Southern accent in Iowa. Always asks before she goes down on a lover. Never tricks and tells. Shy of open sex talk. Favorite TV show: *I Dream of Jeannie*.

Favorite activity: Likes to take dates apple picking. Suggests they wear billowing cotton skirts so they'll stay cool. Gallantly helps them up ladders, looks up their skirts, is handed apples, which she carelessly tosses in basket. Spreads out blanket in the orchard. Then she cajoles, begs, cries, explains she'll only suck it a little while. Has her way. On the drive home May feels jubilant, like she's gotten something for nothing.

Alma, 20, old world butch: Does not believe in non-monogamy. Does not believe in serial monogamy. Does not believe in socializing with anyone but gay men and other couples. Has been known to say that feminists are a bunch of straight girls who are afraid of being lesbians. Thinks penises are disgusting. Likes her lover in non-descript clothes like baggy jeans, flannel shirts, and tennis shoes. Thinks she's cute like that. Always fights for the check at restaurants;

enjoys going places where the bathrooms have attendants so she can give her spouse change for the little girls room. Drinks scotch straight up, and loves sucking pussy best. Favorite saying: "Sweetheart, can you run and get me a beer? Your legs are younger than mine."

Favorite fantasy: She is able to make enough money on the job so her lover can stay home and do her shirts by hand instead of always sending them out.

Ronnie, 32, stone butch: When she moved to her present neighborhood, filled with older straight couples, they thought she was a policeman because she always walked outside in motorcycle boots and leather. Has never gone into a *MacDonalds* where the counter help called her anything but "Sir." At this point, Ronnie's come to count on it. Everyone treats her with more respect, she's discovered, and she likes that. As for the occasional woman on the bus who realizes she's a she, Ronnie thinks they're sweet! Her biggest problem is actually getting men's shoes in her tiny size. Best qualities: Sweet, tender, and faithful forever.

Favorite fantasy: Meets a school teacher at a little nite spot on a back road in Virginia. The girl never complains. They marry and move into a trailer home where they are regularly visited by the girl's proud parents. She is able to pass completely. They never bear children, but instead raise pedigreed poodles. They sell them to big city spenders who drive out to their place from Washington, D.C. and say, "Gee, you two love birds certainly have a nice place here." At such times Ronnie is wearing a rolled up sock, which does nicely. And it is very comfortable.

TYPICAL PURSUITS: A SEXUAL IDENTITY TEST

- 1) Do you long to plunge your penis into your girlfriend's vagina, except that you don't have a penis?
- 2) Do you know how to "make" someone ask you out for drinks?
- 3) Do you possess at least three of the following? a grey living room, a pair of 501 jeans, an iron, a Garland album, a rowing machine?
- 4) Do waiters always hand you the check when you're having dinner with your brother?
- 5) When you engage in sex acts which require you lie on top of your partner, do you consciously prop

yourself up on your elbows?

- 6) Are you presently using Daddy's charge cards to buy enough Ralph Lauren men's "Polo" cologne so you'll get a nice green traveling valise for free? If not, did you get wooden shoe trees from your sister for Christmas?
- 7) Have you been to any two of the following: a FACT meeting and an orgy; an abortion rights rally and a store that sells G-strings to transvestites; a photo session where you asked the photographer to take your clothes off, and a college class in women's studies?

- 8) Do you possess any of the following: a pair of Espadrilles, a membership to the Junior League, a tortoise shell hair band, a set of golf clubs for which you have crocheted pink wood covers?

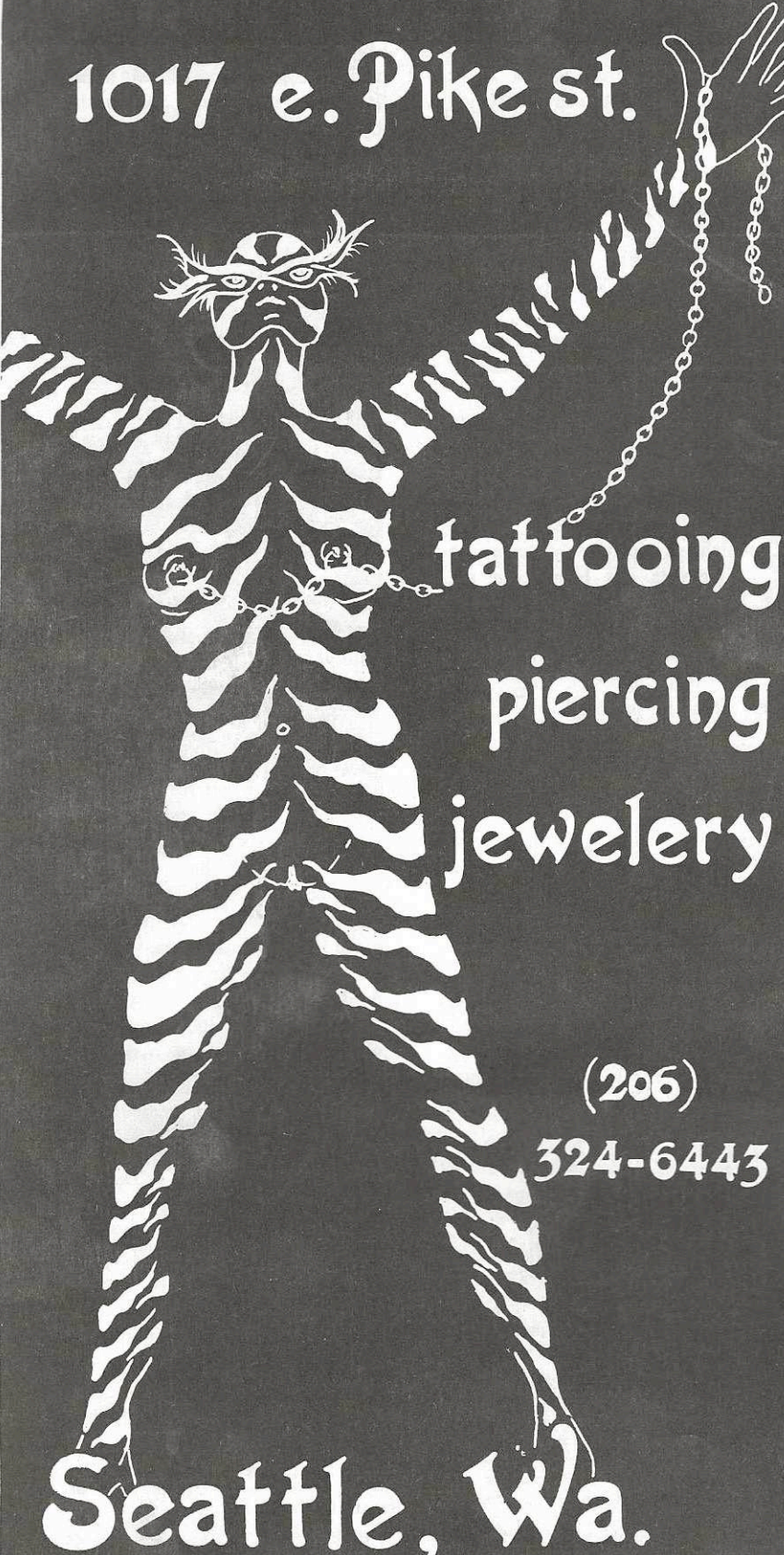
- 9) Are you on any of the following mailing lists: Lillian Vernon, Spiegel, Family Circle, Lane Bryant? If not, have you ever clipped store coupons and then used them?

- 10) Could you imagine ordering a triple scoop of Rocky Road ice cream in front of other people?

Answers page 45

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TOYS FOR US *continued from page 7*

to watch, hold the vibrator, etc. Be willing to play and participate in a cooperative frame of mind, to put yourself out a little bit, without feeling that you must say yes to everything that is offered you.

"Letting go" is easiest for the exhibitionist, and you'll find out soon enough whether you're in that category. I have been to group parties and had a great time without cumming once. The hostess of the party usually plays the part of the gracious grande voyeur, although some extraordinary hosts also put themselves forward as a role model for "showing how it's done". My advice: Don't worry about trying to relax, concentrate on getting hot, and the rest will follow.

Finally, the couples ever-present thorn: jealousy. The time to deal with your green guilt is before and after the party, not during. First, discuss how the two of you would be most happy attending a group event. Do both of you equally want to try this new experiment? Danger signals if one partner is more reluctant to attend than the other, and goes just to please. Some options might be to either go alone, attend together with the promise just to watch together, or have the reluctant partner choose a sexual activity or partner for the more interested one.

Decide if you want to split up and not be involved with each other at all, or if the object is to stay together and solicit partners who are indirectly involved. It's essential to discuss the guidelines and limits before you go, and refrain from applying pressure to do something not agreed upon once you're at the party. If something comes up that you would like to do, discuss it with your partner and save it for the next time.

If you think you might boil over despite your best intentions, just make sure you have cab fare home, and make a discreet exit. Group scenes are NOT encounter groups, make no mistake. The best thing you can do for your relationship is to plan (and stick to it) a special brunch or leisurely walk together the next day to discuss your feelings and the events that took place. And remember, sometimes the best way to sooth possessive or guilty feelings are with an incredibly hot fuck by the two of you alone later.

Are you ready to send out the invitations now? Can I bring my inflatable doll? You can be sure of an RSVP from me.

(ONE continued from page 21)

other views. Lisa combed and cut, gently, precisely, with authority. I eventually assured myself that she was in fact fully absorbed in her task, leaving me free to watch her.

She's a small woman, maybe 5'2", and slender. Very pale skin, but with a pink vitality. She wore brown leather sandals with straps winding up her ankle. Her black tights disappeared beneath the full skirt of her dress, also black but with purple, green and white designs. A broad leather belt looped haphazardly and ineffectually around her waist. She wore no jewelry. She moved with a casual grace; light on her feet but not flighty, quick but not frenetic.

She looked for all the world to be interested in nothing but sculpting one mass of hair at a time. She was all business; for all the pleasure I took in watching her I began to wonder if I'd dreamed up the whole incident. The thought made me giddy. Could I be hallucinating?

No, no, no, I assured myself. My mouth still felt slightly bruised from her kiss. I licked my lips. I tried now to make eye contact, but the brief glances she cast toward my image in the mirror were strictly professional. How, I wondered, do I pursue this? I've got to ask her out, I thought, then wondered how to go about it. I've been "married" for twelve years; I don't know one damn thing about going out with anybody but Marilyn. I ask her, "Hey Marilyn, let's go out to a movie," and she says sure; but then she has to.

I blushed with anticipatory humiliation. I couldn't ask Lisa out. I would leave without saying a word, go back to the office and try to work. I'd go crazy for a week, wear out my fingers and the path to the shower. Then I'd call up, nearly hysterical, and ask if I could come in for a permanent. She would remind me that I have curly hair and I'd be mortified. "I meant a cellophane," I'd say. She would laugh.

Her body pressed against my back as she made a few final snips. She smiled noncommittally into the mirror and began blow-drying and shaping. Looking into the mirror I saw one gangly, aging, extraordinarily frightened dyke. I paid her quickly and flew out of there.

Oh yeah, I gave myself hell the whole way back to work for not doing something. I dreamed of her kiss and nearly ran off the road. I cursed myself a thousand different ways. I got to the office and reminded myself, as I

straightened my suit, that I was a mature woman with many responsibilities. Walking through the offices, greeting secretaries and my associates, I felt incredulous that I should be so susceptible to the flirtations of a young hairdresser. I'm getting back to work, I told myself. Enough foolishness. I sat down at my desk and within two minutes realized that my own hand was dangerously far up my skirt. "Come on, Eleanor old girl," I told myself, "at least make an effort!"

But the afternoon passed, indifferent to my struggle. Just as I was preparing to pack my briefcase the secretary buzzed to tell me I had a call.

"A Ms. Nibbler," she said.

No bells rang but I thought vaguely that she must be associated with the case I had just been assigned. What a bother. I wasn't overly eager to get home, however, so I took the call.

"This is Eleanor Jackson."

"How do you like your haircut?" a soft voice queried.

My heart stopped and I sat bolt upright. Clearing my throat I managed to speak. "I like it," I stammered. "I can't make it look right, though, like you had it."

"I figured you might need an adjustment. Come back to the salon at seven." Then she hung up.

I went for a run, I showered, I changed clothes, I tried to eat, but the hours dragged by. Seven seemed the most elusive hour and then suddenly it was upon me.

The salon was dark but when I tried the door, it was unlocked. I stepped into the foyer. It was quiet and empty inside. Then I heard Lisa call from the back.

"Close the door, will you? And lock it. Then pull the blinds."

I did as she instructed, then walked completely into the room. It was dark save for one large lamp hanging above her chair. I stood back and listened as she approached. She stepped into the circle of light wearing only tights and makeup. The breasts I'd felt briefly against me earlier swung freely now, showing themselves of medium size but full and sweetly-rounded. They hung like tears and at their ends--nipples, pert and ready to drop.

"Take off your clothes," she ordered with surprising authority, friendly but firm.

I stepped further into the shadows to hide my clumsiness, but did as I was told.

(continued on page 42)

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(ONE continued from page 41)

"Now sit in the chair."

I moved quickly through the light and into the chair. She swung it a quarter round and I was startled to see myself again in the mirror. Her face, ringed by that flailing blond hair, rose behind me like an apparition, a pink smile showing beneath her pink-shadowed eyes. With a pick and her hands she began to comb and shape my hair.

"Spread your legs," she said in a low voice. "Wider."

I obeyed, but it was several moments before I could look directly at my reflection. A tense giggle escaped from me.

"I don't think it's funny," she scolded. "I think it's pretty. I think you're pretty. You have nice long arms and legs--" She leaned over me and began to trace lightly with the pick along the inside of my thighs. "You're very strong-looking," she said, as my muscles strained. "All over you're strong-looking." Now with the pick she was gently tugging out the tight pubic curls, fluffing them into a woolly bush. "But why are you so shy?"

I could feel her smooth, young skin against me; I filled my lungs with the smell of her; her hair tickled against my ear and shoulder. Earlier I'd thought about saying something sensible at this meeting, but I was now past reflection.

"And what big hands you have," she continued. "The better to fuck me with." She laughed and began sucking on first one finger, then another. In the mirror I watched her profile, the curve of her small ass, the teardrop breast hanging now perilously close to my own.

She climbed onto the chair, placing one knee between my legs and against my cunt. She practiced that kiss on me again, until I couldn't tell what was inside and what was out. There were fingers sliding in and out of me, tagging my clit on each trip. Her tongue pulled out some low moans from deep within me and her fingers turned them into roars. I came like a wave. I saw myself climax in the salon mirror, kick, and then come again.

She snuggled up on my lap against me and let me rest. With one leg on the floor she slowly turned the chair in a gentle circle. I realized I was still quietly moaning and stopped myself by kissing her cheek. I looked down upon her and felt the heat rising in me again. I wanted her to roar for me.

I tilted her head up and sent my tongue in search of an answer. She was ready. I lifted her, she seemed so small, so that I could reach her breasts. I slowly sucked upon them. She murmured happily, then whispered: "Let me take the chair."

She removed her tights and we switched places. She sat now in front of her mirrored self and I stood behind. I reached toward the worktable and took from it a handful of plastic hair clips. I applied wet, probing kisses to each ear and then hung from the lobes a plastic clip. A reminder. I reached over her, bending from my tall waist, and sucked again at her breasts. Then I gently clipped each nipple.

"Is that all right?"

She pulled my face down and planted a "yes" deep inside my mouth. I raised the chair, then came around to the front of her. I knelt before her. Raising my shoulders up under her legs, I pulled her toward the edge of the chair and my waiting mouth. She gasped when we touched. Her cunt fell open to me like a flower. My tongue prepared the way for my fingers, my fingers for my fist. I rolled the young bud of her clit between my lips while my hand searched for her deepest passage. I lost myself in her fragrant bloom.

Then she rolled her head and shouted something I couldn't understand. A howl became a croon and her light body folded across my back. With some regret I removed my hand, my mouth, the clips. I carried her to the couch in the waiting room. She mumbled unintelligibly as we snuggled together. With more effort, directly into my ear, she murmured: "Don't leave without making another appointment." Then, grinning, she fell promptly to sleep.

What a comfort to me, I thought, smoothing her wild hair, to have finally found a hair stylist I can depend on.

(THREE continued from page 38)

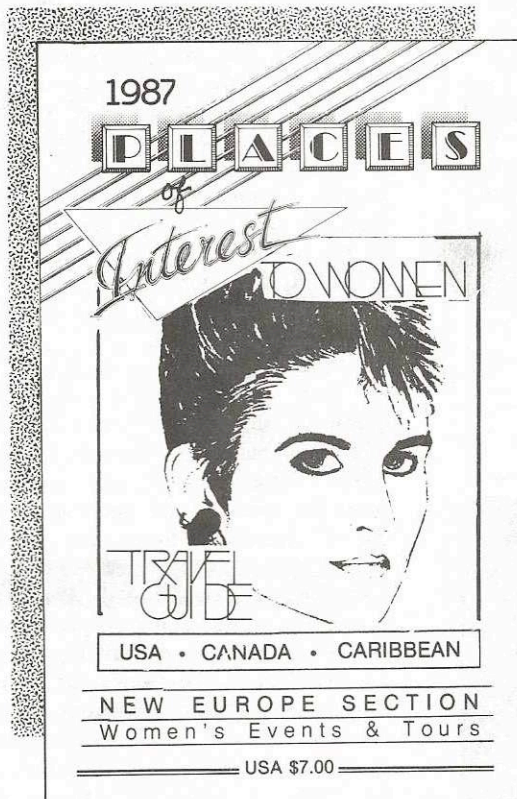
woman and then slowly and exactly she pushed her cock into her. The older woman felt the huge hunger come into her and she raised her legs high up into the air. She started to move, rocking under the entering butch. Her hands found the muscled back and her nails made their mark. "Oh I love to fuck you," moaned the butch. She wrapped

her legs tight around the butch's back, her heels pushing into the leathered cheeks so each thrust was deeper. Together they moved for long moments. Then slowly the older woman thought of her younger friend and started to take leave of her desire. "I know she wants this too; I have had enough for now." The butch withdrew and rested while the older woman worked a rubber over the wet cock. The younger woman was already lying down. She smiled gratefully at her older friend. The butch moved over and once again she began to fuck. The older woman continued lying beside them both, with her eyes closed, hearing their moans and feeling the bed move with their rhythms.

At some point she was aware that the room had grown still, "Are you alright," a voice asked her. "Yes," she said. Then she said "I have a desire; please someone, touch me with their fingers." She said this in a small voice but a voice deep with the knowledge of her need. "Of course," her friends said. The butch moved to her right and the femme moved to her left. She kept her eyes closed and put her hands on the two backs curving over her like protective trees. She felt their mouths on her nipples and then a wonder grew in her. Both of their hands were on her, together their fingers entered her. She could not tell whose hand was where until she felt the younger femme's nail flick over her wetness and then once again both hands joined inside of her. "Come to us, let it come," they whispered, and their loving fingers moved deeper into her, reaching deeper than the cock had reached, and other fingers stroked her, caring fingers that knew her cunt's hardness. Slowly on their words and on their strokes, on their love and on their kindness, a fullness grew. "Come to us now, let it go," and with a heave of her hips that lifted them all, she did and did and did, throbbing around their joined fingers.

They slept wrapped around each other and woke early, drinking hot coffee on the edge of the dock watching the sun come up. They sat in the drying wetness made by the spray from the early morning ferry, talking quietly about what they had given each other and what they had feared and what they had found. Then tired, they made the trek home, sitting low in the old train seats, sharing whatever food they had left from their sun drenched day on the beach.

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(TATOO B LUE continued from page 27)

off her head. I might have jumped from the curb if I'd seen her on the street, but instead, she melted all my fears away with her first song.

When Tattoo smiles and looks straight at you, which she does to every member of the audience, it's like the sun coming out. The lady just oozes good times and good feelings. She makes the audience feel her joy for dancing, her emotion for women, and sometimes the pain that goes along with the loving.

Where do all her tattoos come from?

"It originated with bikes, and my family," Tattoo recalls. "My father was the president of a Harley club back in Louisiana, where I grew up. The biker scene was the biggest family I ever had. You'll find that people who stand up for who they are at any cost, be it the gay life style or the biker life style or whatever, -- those people will often carry tattoos. I ran two tattoo parlours in New Orleans with one of the men from our club, and all the work you see on my left arm is my own work. Next, I want to do a total back piece of an Amazon with an eagle on her arm, and a Harley in the shadows."

Tattoo Blue began her dancing career in New Orleans go-go clubs and eventually stripped her way up to the prestige of burlesque shows on Bourbon Street. These days, though, she only strips for women, and has found very special response from her lesbian shows.

"When I'm on the stage, I'm at the top of the world. Some people express through their music or writing; for me it's dancing. All kinds of things happen to me on stage, from saddest points of emotion to ultimate moments of orgasm, actually. If you'll notice, all the music I dance to has to say something. When I do "I Want to Know what Love Is" the song says to the audience, 'I know you can show me'. And they do... It's a way of expressing myself or touching people without ever knowing them. I had a woman come up to me crying after one show. It's not that I'm out there to make anybody sad. What I do is make people stop and think about a lot more than just a body taking their clothes off. I like that."

Tattoo is taking leave of the stage this year to have another child and settle down to more of a private life with her lover. It's been a long journey in the four years since she first moved to this city.

"California was a dream to me. I first came to San Francisco with my ex-

husband. His sister lived here and had been active in the gay community for 15 years.

"Here I was, this little coon-ass from Southern Louisiana, and I didn't ever want to go back. 'Coon-ass' is slang from back home, what we call Cajun Franch-- and that's who I am!"

"I spent so much time hanging out at Amelia's (a popular S.F. dyke bar), that the gay ladies there called me 'The Bar Star'. I was this dedicated straight woman who just loved to be around lesbians. They'd tell me, 'Blue, it's only a matter of time!'"

"They were right, too. I got into a five mnth relationship with the first woman who ever kissed me. I also got the money together to send my husband back home."

"When I first came out, I got involved with a lot of women who tried to make me feel like I needed to hate men in order to be a gay woman. That didn't sit with me because the favorite people in my life are my father and my son. At one point I said, 'If this is what I have to do to be a gay woman, then fuck it, I don't want to be gay.'"

"But I knew that I wanted to be with women. I'd been close with men before, but never the intimacy, and the gentle and the expressing way that I have experienced with another women. Why did I need to hate men, and what did that have to do with it? It was very intimidating to me, but as time went on, I found that not all gay women felt that way."

Some of the lesbians that Tattoo Blue came to cherish were other women motorcycle riders. Last year she joined the Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee to organize the dykes on bikes contingent of the San Francisco Gay Day Parade. Women bikers have become a smoking, full throttle tradition who lead the parade each year.

"I want to make sure than every women who rides, no matter what she rides, or what her lifestyle is, will be included in the Parade. Riding is about freedom, which is what we're celebrating in the first place, as gay people."

Tattoo points to a blue rose on her hand, the oldest of her tattoos.

"This was the first one, done over 11 years ago. People ask me, 'What are you going to do with all those tattoos when you're 50?' They think it's just outrageous."

"But you see, every one of them is a special time and place, a memory that's always with me. You find the picture, you'll see the story of my life."

SEXPOINT *continued from page 11*

Somehow I can't help feeling that women are being blamed for it all anyway. If we didn't go to work we wouldn't put our kids into those childcare centers. And we'd be watching them all the time. I get angry because the media over-simplifies everything. I also think that children's natural sexuality is denied and repressed by all this. This is a pretty hot topic these days. I don't know many mothers who aren't concerned about it.

My daughter's child care center sponsors special workshops to teach the kids how to handle unwanted advances. I learned a lot from attending the workshop offered for parents. I wondered whether their approach would be anti-sex, but I found that their approach was consistent with mine. Their basic message to kids is that they have the right to say "no" to anything that doesn't feel good to them. They should tell on anyone who persists or forces them to do things they don't like. The workshop educators try to give the children as much power as possible to control what happens. Still, I fear that if the only time sex is discussed is when the subject of abuse is brought up, then the two issues become locked together. "Sex equals abuse".

Rachel was too young to attend, but we frequently talk about her control over her body. She enjoys it when I dream up situations where she is supposed to say "no". She loves to say "no" in as many loud and wonderful ways as she can imagine. I have found that if I want this to stick, that I have to let her exercise that power. It means that if she doesn't want to kiss someone good night, I don't push it. Even if she is hurting some adult friend's feelings.

Sometimes the sensationalism about child abuse seems to put things

out of perspective. A while ago, a friend took my daughter to a party. Rachel was heard saying to a boy a few months older, "Let's take off our clothes and get under the covers." This sparked an intense discussion. At first it sounded like everyone was alarmed that Rachel would have such an idea. Where did she learn to ask such a thing? My friend was cautioned to find out and make sure that it wasn't being learned under duress. They discussed how to tell if your kid was being sexually abused. All this over two kids playing! It seemed a sad commentary on our community's approach to children's sexuality.

I believe that I have that right to an active sexual life, even if I am a mother. I have done a lot of good hard playing recently. I've learned a lot about myself, about who I am attracted to, and about my sexual appetites. I'm not done yet. I wouldn't give up this exploration for anything. Besides, I want my child to see sex as a natural part of human expression. I don't want to shield her from its wonders, and I don't want to repress her early explorations either.

I'm still learning what the issues are, and I am beginning to see a coherent approach to integrating my sexual life with my family life. How about you?



B/F ASTRO ANSWERS

Answers:

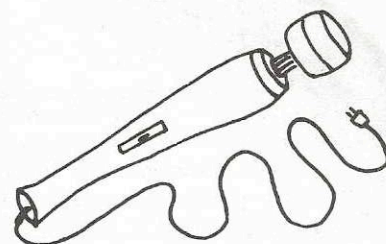
- 1) Aggressive butch
- 2) Aggressive femme
- 3) Clone butch
- 4) Stone butch
- 5) Courty butch
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- 7) Liberated femme
- 8) Connecticut femme
- 9) Old fashioned femme
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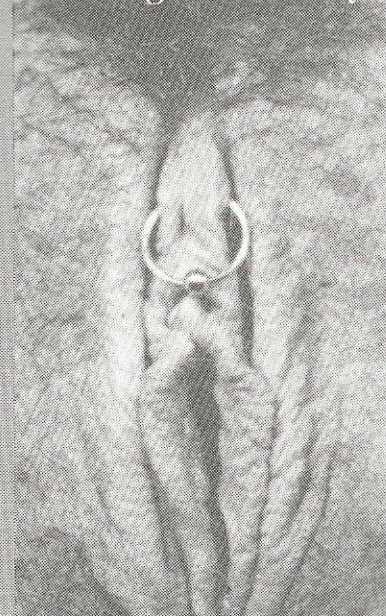
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Contributors

Sarita Johnson-Calvo is a woman of many projects. She is learning Arabic , re-learning Chinese, knitting more sweaters, planning a collage series, teaching math and social studies to her daughter, and working on an erotic animation. Her illustration graced the first issue of *On Our Backs*. **Marcelina Martin** is a freelance San Francisco photographer, originally from Atlanta. Her work has appeared in the Woman See Woman, Southern Ethic, WomanSpirit, Elsa I Come with My Songs, and Kay Gardener's music album. She is currently working on a Photomymology series and can be contacted at Montana Studio, 1442A Walnut , #313, Berkeley, Ca 94709.

Nancy Langer is an aggressive butch. She can be found acting as the Public Information Director of the Lambda Legal Defense Fund in New York City. **Lisa Francis** was born in Denver, where her family operated an ice business. When she realized where she was, she moved to San Francisco, to find the beach, the bay, and beautiful women. Nowadays she draws cartoons and bartends at *Amelia's*. Her work appears in the Denver gay press, and also in *Beef Magazine*. So there. **Victoria El-Jai** is a Los Angeles native born on Dec. 9, 1959. She now resides in Oakland, Ca. with a feline companion named Rugby. Her interests include filmmaking, photography, and daydreaming about the day she will become a rich, spoiled, screenwriter/poet and have her face smeared on the cover of *People*. Now looking for the donation of a Super 8 camera, she is determined to get her erotica on celluloid. **Joan Nestle** is a 45 year old femme, co-founder of the Lesbian Herstory Archives of New York and teacher of writing in the SEEK program of the City University of New York. **Jacki Randall** is an artist, musician, writer/poet working on a cartoon book. When not at work she enjoys obsessions, excess, audacity, and hedonists who know what they want. **Tee Corinne's** credits include The Cunt Coloring Book, Yantras of Womanlove, the Sinister Wisdom poster, and Women Who Loved Women. She writes vanilla erotica because she likes the taste. **Shari Cohen** thrilled our Fall issue readers with her "Live to Ride" series, and now she's back for more. Last week she took a picture of Susie Sexpert tied up in vibrators, which will either be used for blackmail or the next issue. **Karen Anna** is our Hawaii correspondent, bringing us beautiful photographs as well as her news of a busy lesbian and artist community on the islands. **Lotta N.** lives in SoCal where she worships the 4 S's: Sun Sand, Surf, and Sex (and is also quite civically-minded. Really!) She has friends who are skeptical about the direction of some of her writing. Will the "One O'Clock Appointment" reassure them?

Cazwell Massey first met *On Our Backs* editors when she helped host an erotica reading at A Different Light Bookstore in Manhattan. Now she is a student at SUNY Buffalo, and her story should tell you the rest... **Barbie Painter** is too much! She has readers pinning up her photos in their bathrooms, demanding posters, and wondering why we don't call her Barbara. Barbie (definitely) lives in Brooklyn, gardens, and has superb taste in convertibles. **Joanne Horn** is a DNA specialist whose intrepid photographic talents are not often revealed with her busy post-modern schedule. **JoAnn Castillo** always wanted to be a mother. She is also a computer consultant, a member of the San Francisco Gay/Lesbian History Project, and an ex-Bostonian. **Sine Anahlita** is a Southern graphic artist whose drawings, notecards, and writing paper have been exhibited at women's festivals in the South and Mid-west. She is working now on a collection of erotic images for lesbians.

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You need not be bi-sexual to attend. You must be female and willing to discuss bi-sexuality and related issues. Ask us about our monthly Sunday afternoon Women's social gatherings. Meets every Wednesday at the Pacific Center (415-841-6224). \$3 donation.

OHIO FRINGE

S/M dialogue group for women in Columbus. Inquiries: P.O. Box 44, Westerville, OH 43081.

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Erotic audio cassette. Latest adventure in aural sex from SUMAJE TAPES, by and for lesbians. 60 minutes. Hot and humorous. Warm and loving. \$10.95 plus \$1.50 p.&h. SUMAJE OB, P.O. Box 30318, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

ATTN. FILMMAKERS!

Get your films noticed! Don't let your work sit on the shelf. We are a lesbian film and video distribution company created to promote lesbian filmmakers.

We book showings to lesbian audiences around the country and arrange for its mail-order and retail sale. Send video tape, letter of introduction to: Blush Productions, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142. Technical and model releases a must. We produce and distribute On Our Backs magazine.

PERSONALS

SHOWER ME WITH CRUELTY

Elegant, refined, WASPY, extremely pretty, intelligent, creative, 31, slender, lustful, lesbian submissive is thirsty for stylish, fetish-erotic servitude with attractive, exciting: GWF femme fatale, sophisticated aristocrat, classy well-tailored career woman or tall, muscular bodybuilder. Torrid, imaginative domination obeyed. Frank letter & photo reciprocated. NYC area. Can accommodate or travel anywhere. Drawer 154.

POLITICAL PUNK-DYKE

Alienated, East Coast LF seeks correspondence, possible meeting with other political/punk/underground dykes, anywhere. Into much more than just sex: poetry readings, performance art, unpopular films, alternative media. Phranc, Smiths, Husker Du, & Lady Blue. Drawer 151.

ADVENTUROUS ROMANTIC L.A.

GWF in film industry, 37, born on the cusp of Libra/Scorpio, New Wave/androgynous, with varied interests. Seeks bright, attractive, single gay woman, emotionally secure, financially stable, 28-40 with her own varied interests. No smokers please. Photo appreciated. Drawer 152.

HORNY IN HOUSTON

Adventurous lesbian couple 23 and 31 seek fun, friendship, and

Classifieds

sex with lesbian singles or couples. We love eating pussy and cuddling—how about you? Can travel in TX and L.A. We're waiting to hear from you. Drawer 153.

SHY BUT WILLING

Latina of color, Attractive, 27 yrs. young, 5'6", thin. Looking for aggressive, attractive, and experienced women for possible adventures. Drugs, alcohol and cigarettes out. Clean and slim a must. NYC area. Drawer 148.

S/M NOVICE

Desires experienced butch top to show me the way. Turn-ons: B/D, rough and passionate sex, intense fantasy play, leather, uniforms, motorcycles, and hot women. Any age or race. No smokers. No drug users. Bay area. Drawer 147.

BI, BUT NOT SHY

W/Bi, sensual, handsome, well-built, 32. Seeking liberal woman for experimenting in adventurous sex, possible romance. Like: lingerie, dildos, gentle S/M. Send sexy photo, phone number, fantasy. Immediate reply. Chicago based, but travel often, coast to coast. Drawer 145.

LONELY BEAUTY

I'm a slim black beauty looking for lots of loving from feminine GWF beauties, 20-30 years old. Slim and clean a must. Not into roles, non-smoker, no drugs. Not seeking a relationship. Phone and photo desired. Seattle area. Drawer 144.

ATLANTA, GA. AREA

Beautiful 31 year-old bi female, despite loving husband and two children, seeks same to recapture glowing college experiences that included erotic enema sessions before several different dildos. I have a very good figure (5'7", 125, 36C-25-35) and enjoy both top and bottom. Likes include sexy lingerie, toys, and gentle sensitivity. Dislikes are drugs, drunks, pushy people and fatties. Attractive females only. No men. Discretion a must. Send photo with phone and letter of your needs. Drawer 149.

I LOVE TO DANCE

Passive Femme who loves leather and lingerie seeks partner. I am 26, intelligent, and politically aware. Light bondage O.K. Houston. Drawer 143.

MONA R.
It's been a year since I saw you. Thanks for awakening things in me you never knew about. Write me! Mari T. 1157 S. Santa Fe, Vista, Ca. 92083.

PUSSY PEN PAL
Warm Bi-Femme seeks same for sensual steamy fantasy and reality exchange with W-Bis or imaginative lesbians. Photo appreciated with fantasy. Box 1014 RVC NY 11570. Could be interesting.

SEX IN INDIANAPOLIS!
Yes, Virginia, there really is... No more settling for tasteful P.C. conversation and tentative belly bumping on alternate harvest moons. Brunhilde with legendary tits kneels in bottom's lace one night and laughs, six feet tall, brandishing top's leather the next. My limits? Broken skin. Yours? Your choice. Drawer 156.

YOUNG SUBMISSIVE WILL TRAVEL
Pretty, young, and not real smart. I like being on my knees or on my back just to please you or a couple who wants to train me the way they like. S/M, spanking or whatever. I like everything. Photo, phone. Lesbians of color write also. Drawer 157.

WF, MID-50's
Wants to contact Les/Bi singles and couples. If suited may be asked to share my large home, expenses, love, etc. Looks, slightly handicapped, 50+, no barrier. Drawer 158.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

Write your reply to the woman you're interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with your return address in the top left-hand corner, and her Drawer number in the bottom left-hand corner. Then apply a first-class stamp on the right, in the usual place. (If you don't stamp it, we won't send it). Now fold this envelope and put it in another envelope, which you will address to On Our Backs- Personals, POB 421916, San Francisco, Ca. 94142. When we receive your reply, we will take out the inside envelope and address it to the woman's real name and address. Then we will post it in the mail the next day. By following each of these steps to the detail, you will ensure your privacy, and get the speediest delivery.

BISEXUAL W/F
Mid-twenties, happily married to WM, seeks single, female companion, open to quiet rural lifestyle. Let's get together! Northern California. Drawer 161.

DETROIT/METROPOLITAN
Lesbian couple seeks lesbian singles or couples for S/M, B/D play. Slim top, 37, prefers pretty Femmes. Voluptuous bottom, 25, prefers S/M dykes. Bottom has one top fantasy of spanking big, jiggling, fat cheeks. All possibilities, situations, fantasies negotiable. Safe, sexy, compassionate, discreet. We're fun, so let's at least meet. Drawer 159.

HORNY AND HOT
Lustful lesbian, 33, wants erotic encounters. Am willing to try almost anything with women of athletic to average build, 5'4"-5'9" in New York City. Not seeking a relationship-just a good time. Drawer 160.

PULL MY HAIR!!
I'm totally masochistic and looking for a lesbian couple who will abuse me to extremes. No limits of "any" kind. Take photos or videos. Explore my limits in pain while you two make love. Slap me, Pinch me, Hit me, Kick me. I'm totally submissive. L.A. Area. Drawer 162.

LICKERISH LESBIAN
Cute, petite (5', 110 lbs.), non Butch/Femme, Asian, 23, graphic designer, non-professional writer, sensual, sexual, discreet non-smoker desires women of any age/race

for orgasmic licking, sucking, stroking, & fucking to exotic, erotic, experimental sex. San Francisco/East Bay Area. Drawer 165.

BEAUTIFUL TOMBOY WANTED
Manhattan artist, 39, attractive, sensual Latin/European, strong, 5'1", 104 lbs., wants beautiful, younger tomboy to dominate her and/or be dominated by her. Everything goes, except heavy pain. Drawer 163.

FEMINIST VISIONS
Passionate feminist activist who loves to dance wildly (usually alone) seeks sensual lover who will suck, fuck, spank, massage, and cherish me while talking over plans/visions for our revolution. Will reciprocate. No workaholics. Drawer 166.

SEX-STARVED BOOKWORM
Seeks experienced teacher to help me with my homework. I'm 28, Jewish, and live in S.F. Sex, books, and rock n' roll are my obsessions, and yours, hopefully, as well. Drawer 169.

CANADA
I am a 21 year old Canadian Lesbian who lives in the middle of nowhere and would love to correspond with other Lesbians of any age to cheer me up and make my days more brighter. If anyone is interested, please write, I'll answer ALL! Perhaps in the future I'll see y'all too. I'll be waiting. Drawer 175.

SOFT ("OH!") BUTCH
She's "soft butch" and so soft to touch--She melts in your mouth. Her bronze skin glistens with sweat, turning leather to burnt sienna. She's rough and silky hot. And she loves it so when you crack the whip. Drawer 173.

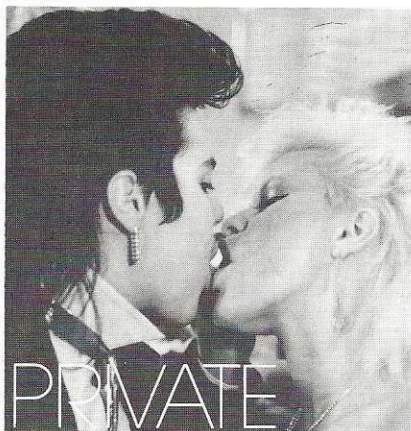
MORE, MORE
More fun than Dudley Moore movies; More intelligent than amoeba; Easier to talk to than God; Added together--what is the sum? A 22 year old whose life reads like a Russian novel? Yes and more! Is there Power and Trust in DC? Are you intense or just fooling yourself? Drawer 167.

BABY BUTCH
Badboy/loverboy, bundle of joy, with hot tongue and hard toy, wants sweet, attractive, sensual LESBIAN FEMME, who hungers for shared passion, and who would love to have a little fucker in her life to feed the fire. Possibilities abound. I'm in NYC. Come. Closer. Drawer 170.

CROSSDRESS A BUTCH TODAY!
I'm a butch who loves to crossdress, a bottom who loves to top. Large, strong, and voluptuous. I flood for tall, muscular, butches; but imagination and style is of the essence. Other attachments: whips, dildos, knives, power exchange... NYC area. Drawer 176.



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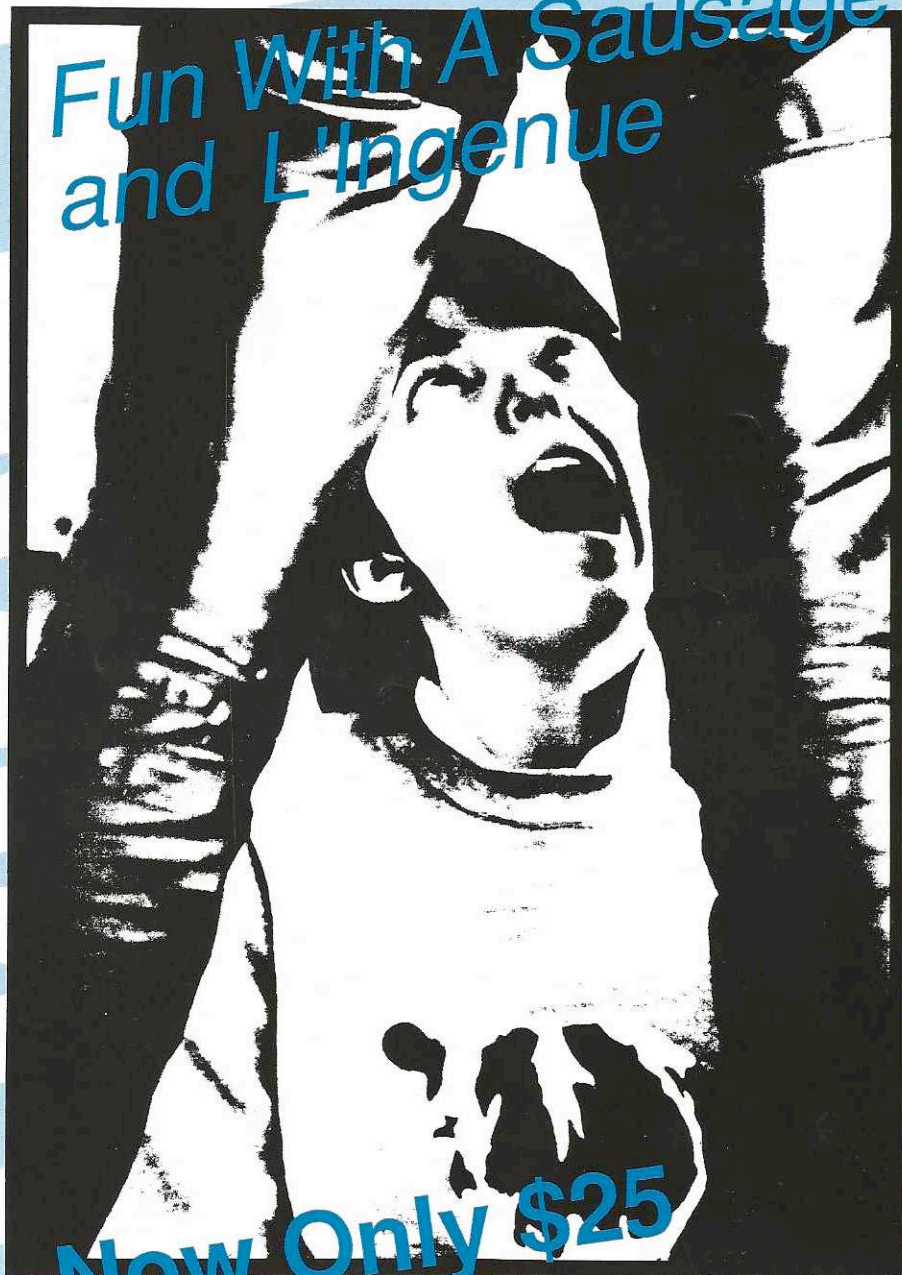
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